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GERMAN STUDENTS AND THEIR ABSURD DUELS.

BY K. FARRAND REIGHARD

ALMOST the first thing that attracts the attention of an American in Freiburg is the squads of fine looking, rosy complexioned, scarred-cheeked students strolling about the streets. They are dressed in the best German style, carrying canes and wearing caps of vivid colors. Each group has its own distinctive color as to caps, of white, brilliant blue, green, yellow, red, and purple, and oftentimes they also wear ribbons of three colors, one of which corresponds to the

color in the cap, passing from shoulder to hip.

These young men are the corps students, members of societies some of which are nobody knows how old. Their fathers and grandfathers and remote ancestors wore the same sort of caps and ribbons, and no doubt the identical cut of their scars.

The various corps are not exactly like the Greek letter fraternities of our universities, but in some respects they resemble

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them. They are descended historically from the old national associations, called "Landsmannschaften," which took their various names from the old German provinces and tribes. The yellow cap corps is the Suevian, whose colors are black, yellow and blue. The Rhine corps wear the dark blue cap, the Westphalians green, and the Saxon black.

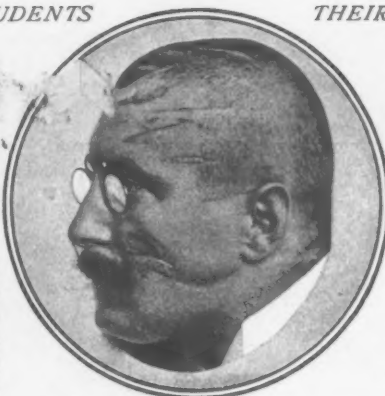
These various corps form an association which comprise the corps in all the other universities in Germany.

They are, without exception, wealthy and aristocratic young men, who hold themselves aloof from the mass of students. They consider themselves as the élite of the university, and assume the right of representing it on all occasions, arranging for the Feste days, the funerals of students, and all demonstrations for the professors, whether it be a big torchlight procession or a still bigger drinking bout called a "Kneipe."

There are in the university other societies such as the "Burschenschaften," which was originally formed in rivalry to the corps students. When first started it was not intended to be exclusive, but later it took the form of a secret society, and is now as restricted as the corps.

Another society is the "Wingolf," from the Norse word "Vingolf," meaning "hall of friendship." The only difference between that and the corps societies is that the members of the former do not fight duels. The majority of them are theological students.

When German students enter the university, at the age of eighteen or twenty, they seem also to enter into a freedom of living and enjoyment entirely unknown to them before. They leave their homes and the "Gymnasien," where for nine years they have had the most rigid preparation for the university, hedged about with severe discipline and a firm set of rules. They have scarcely been out of sight of their parents or teachers, and the hard, grinding work of the "Gymnasium"



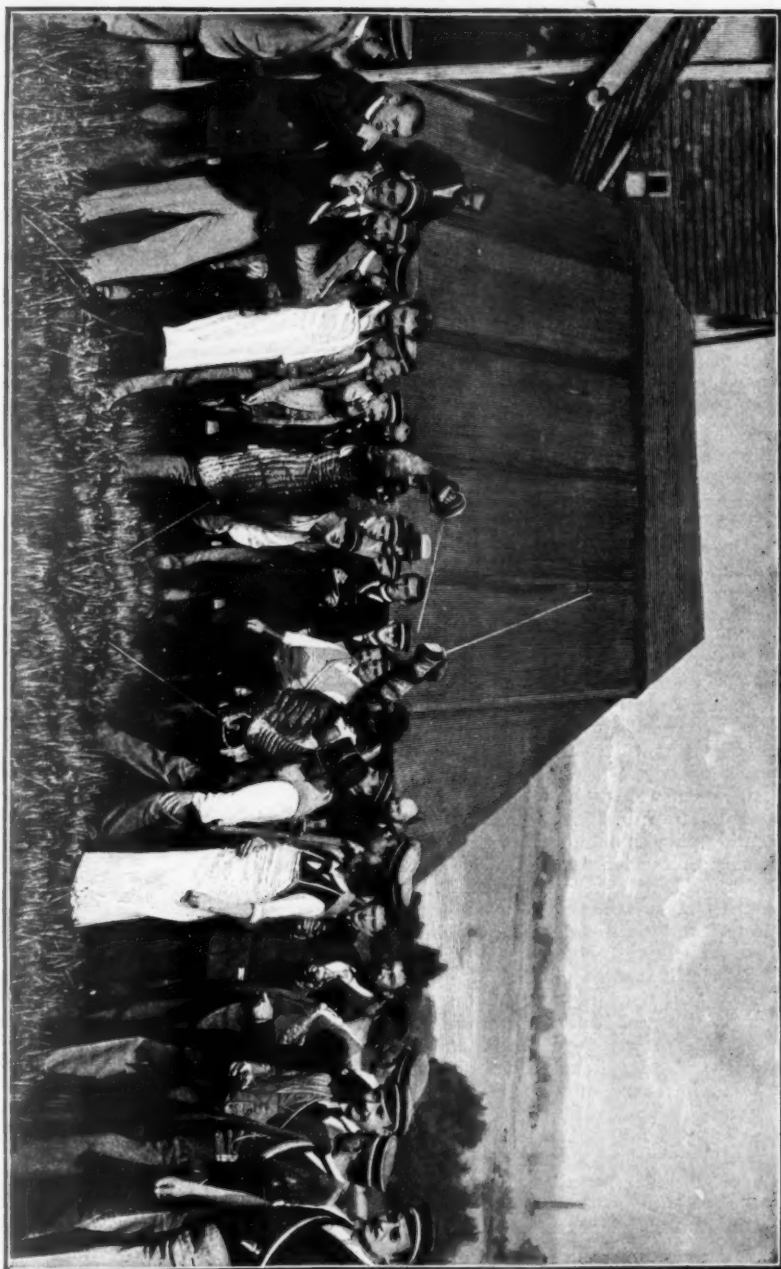
A TYPICAL FACE.

has kept them so busy that they have not had much time for amusement. According to the laws of the "Gymnasien," they must not enter a beer hall or beer garden unaccompanied by their parents or some older person.

After this severe early training, they go to a university city, find their own rooms, plan and choose their courses

of study and professors, and set about their work, or, if it pleases them, as it generally does, they do no work at all. The reaction from their early rigid régime sets in, and they enter into a life of freedom, pleasure, idleness, and sometimes debauchery, that is absolutely unknown to a student in an American university, and horrifying to the extreme to an American woman.

It is a notion that many of these young corps students hold that unrestrained indulgence means to them thorough enjoyment of youth and life and friendship. Their aim is to grow proficient in drinking and fighting. It is quite natural, then, that they should cover themselves with scars and glory, by fighting duels. To fight, oftentimes, is a condition of membership to the corps, and in all friendliness and good feeling they are sworn, periodically, to draw one another's blood. The causes of these duels are extremely simple, sometimes a trivial remark, as, "dumme Junge"—stupid fellow; a careless tripping on another's foot, or perchance only a fierce glare of the eye, is sufficient to call forth a challenge to arms. Ordinarily these duels are perfectly harmless except when the cause is a real insult; then it is expiated by a saber duel that sometimes ends in death. With no ill will between the contestants, it is cause enough for a fight that they belong to rival corps. This thirst for blood seems to be at times epidemic. Members of the same corps never fight together, but every month or so a number of two or more corps are matched against one another, and whichever corps tallies the greatest number of



DUELING FOR CORP'S GLORY.

points, and perhaps scars, wins the most glory. So this mutual cheek-gashing organization goes on, as it has gone on for years past, and is likely to continue; for the energy of the German student runs not of the nature of football and baseball, as among our undergraduates.

These duels are illegal in every German university, and in North Germany the punishment is severe, but the good nature of the South Germans allows the enforcement of the law to become very lax in regard to the ordinary "Mensur," which is always fought outside the city. The result of this laxity is a great influx of students from the North German universities to Heidelberg and Freiburg for Semester.

If, by chance, the students are caught in the very act of fighting, they sometimes have to suffer a penalty; but when the day after a duel the students appear in the streets and at lectures in skull caps, with strips of court plaster adorning their foreheads or cheeks from ear to nose, or perchance the nose itself with a wad of cotton and a black silk support reaching over the ears, then it is that the professor looks knowing and the students give sly winks and the townspeople take it as a matter of course.

I once asked one of the professors what became of these scarred students when they left the university and took up the more serious occupations of life. I said, "I do not see scarred men among the prominent professors and doctors." He replied nothing, but pushed back a lock of hair which fell over his forehead and partly on his ear, and turned aside his



CORPS STUDENTS.

mustache from his left cheek, and there were exposed three jagged scars.

Each corps possesses its assembly or "Kneipe" room, usually in or over a restaurant, where the members meet to smoke, sing and drink large quantities of beer.

There is an appointed time daily for exercising with the "Schläger" or sword, and each man also practises independently with the university fencing master. In this way the students acquire a degree of skill which is astonishing, and which no doubt explains the slight results of students' duels. Among his comrades and young lady admirers the corps student's standing is high in proportion as his scars are many. He urges the surgeon to sew

them up loosely lest they heal too smoothly, and oftentimes he may resort to irritants to make them heal in a rough and jagged scar.

The duels are fought in the various villages or dorfs in a radius of about two miles from Freiburg, where the contestants can be beyond the risk of awkward interruption. The time is often early in the morning. The members of the two conflicting corps drive out to the scene of action, leaving the city by different roads to avoid attracting attention. The dining-room or drinking hall is freshly covered with sawdust, but the air is bad with the reminiscences of the previous night's beer and tobacco. The spectators seat themselves at the tables at one end of the room, and the landlord and his wife fly about to serve all with beer and "hunks" of dark rye bread. At the

other end of the room the seconds chalk off on the floor two lines twelve feet apart, and then they buckle the ponderous padded and stained armor on the two victims.

The armor consists of a heavy padded jacket that reaches from the neck to the knee, and the neck is protected by a padded collar. The right arm is also heavily padded, like the jacket, from shoulder to wrist, as the arm is used to parry as well as to strike all the blows. The eyes are protected with iron spectacles that are rusty and blood-stained. When ready for fighting, the two combatants irresistibly suggest the renowned duel of Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Wardle.

The *Schläger* or sword used is a narrow strip of steel with a razor-sharp edge for about eleven inches down from the squared-off point, and with a basket-hilt, adorned with the battered colors of the corps.

The seconds lay out a half-dozen bright blades freshly ground, an iron wrench, the bottles of spirits, to rub the fighters' arms when weary; a couple of sponges, and various other little things.

The surgeon, usually a young man with a small mustache, opens his bag and lays out a few instruments on a table near by. The seconds place the contestants within the chalked lines:



AFTER THE ENCOUNTER.

then they cross their swords and withdraw. The umpire shouts "Ready!" and the duel begins. The men stand with feet wide apart, the right side forward, with their left hand behind them and the right arm raised above their head; and this position is kept throughout the entire encounter. The slashing, cutting, plunging and parrying are all done by turning the wrist, and is all so quickly done that one sees nothing, but only hears the thud, thud, on the padded jacket. The object of each man is to overreach his opponent's guard and gash his face.

The clashing continues for about five minutes without either getting the advantage of the other, when a student at the window may perchance utter an ejaculation, and for an instant all is confusion and commotion. The surgeon and his instruments disappear through a door, followed by the duelists and the seconds; several of the men take their beer-mugs and hastily seat themselves at a table that the host has drawn suddenly into the place lately occupied by the contestants, and then all wait expectantly for the appearance of the policeman, who finally opens the door, looks about and silently withdraws; and as silently the contestants and seconds and the rest reappear, and the duel is continued with renewed vigor. Nothing can be heard but the whistling of the blades through the air and the shuffling of feet in the sawdust, until finally a crimson streak appears on one of the faces. The umpire cries "Halt!" the surgeon steps up and examines the cut, says "No!" and with the blood streaming, the duel goes on until the same man receives another gash, reaching from his nose to his ear. This time there is no doubt as to the completeness of the cut, and the surgeon gives the command "Abführ!" and immediately begins to staunch the wound. The audience withdraws and the duel is ended.

At the saber duels, even the law in South Germany does not wink. In these there are no padded jackets, nor any protection. The fighting of these duels is kept so secret that no one hears of them, unless they end in death.

Late in June of last year the Suevian or Suabian corps held its "Kommers" or convention in Freiburg, in commemora-

tion of its foundation at that university eighty years before. There were representatives from every university in Germany and many alumni there. One evening was given up to a huge "Kneipe" held in the city hall, which was gaily decked with flags and banners.

At the ends of the tables sat men with swords or *Schlägers* in their white-gloved hands. During the evening, at certain times, they struck the table with ringing, clanking blows. Before each man were placed cigars and glasses of beer. At eight o'clock the president made a short speech and then called on all to drink a "Salamander." At the clanking of the *Schlägers* every man rose to his feet with his glass of beer brimming full in his right hand. At the first signal the glasses were raised to the mouth and drained; at the second signal the cups were lowered; at the third clank the empty glasses were tapped vigorously on the table three times, and with the final signal they were set down hard with a ringing thump.

The music then struck up and all joined in a song to the Fatherland. This was followed by a patriotic speech by one of the older members, and then a "Salamander" was drunk to Prince Albert of Saxony, a slender pale youth who sat at the president's left. He responded by a short speech, and then followed more harangues and music, interspersed with much clanking of the swords and "Salamanders" to Prince Albert. This order of procedure continued the whole night. It was impossible to keep track of the number of glasses of beer each man drank, but there was no doubt as to their ability to come up to the standard of twenty glasses each. In reply to my question to a young society miss as to what sort of a fellow Prince Albert was, she replied, with an inimitable expression of the face and a shrug of the shoulders, "Oh! *he can't drink beer.*"

The following day, Sunday, at high noon the corps had a great procession through the main streets of the city. The line of march led by houses that were draped in the corps' colors and whose windows and balconies were filled with feminine admirers, who tossed flowers into the carriages as they passed by. The knights, members of the present corps,

adorned in yellow and black, took the lead on horseback, followed by musicians and the decorated carriages containing the visiting guests and alumni. While the procession was passing, the cannon boomed from the Schloßberg, as it does on the emperor's birthday or on any great national celebration. The procession wound up one of the valleys leading into the Black Forest to a "Gasthaus," where a banquet was served.

It was not long after that the corps students had the opportunity of representing the university at the funeral of one of their comrades.

The services were first conducted by the minister in the little chapel near the entrance to the cemetery and then the procession filed to the grave, where the final service was read. Each corps was out in all its glory of banners, gay ribbons and bright caps, with white gloves and swords. When the coffin had been lowered, three members from each corps, one carrying a banner unfurled and the other two each a sword, advanced in turn. As the flag was waved three times above the grave the sword bearers crossed their weapons over it, and all the time the band played sweet low music. The procession passed out of the cemetery to livelier music and wound its way through the streets until a favorite restaurant was reached, where it filed into the hall. Each student was supplied with a brimming glass of beer, and at a given signal it was drained at one draught and the glass dashed to pieces upon the table. That concluded the funeral rite of the German student code.

The German student is not amenable

to the city laws, and if caught in any misdemeanor he is handed over by the city police to the university court. This court, at the head of which is the rector of the university, sits upon his case and imposes punishment of various degrees. These penalties are fines and confinement in the university prison or "Carcer," in which every corps student feels in duty bound to spend some time; or the punishment may result in dismissal from that university, but with permission to enter another; or, if the transgression has been very great, the student is absolutely expelled. That means he can never enter again any university in Germany.

Where the rules of a corps entail and foster extravagance and prescribe luxury in diet, dress and personal adornment, a society, which might be good in itself, becomes useless and degraded. Later on, a student must recognize this when the time comes for his leaving the university



IN FULL CORPS REGALIA.



THE UNIVERSITY PRISON.

to enter upon his practical life. Many students, however pleasure-loving they may be, naturally find that they cannot afford to continue in this harmful, idle life longer than one or two years, and then they "pull up" bravely afterward, and take their degrees without difficulty.

There is absolutely no control over attendance at lectures or studies. It is not at all strange for a student to matriculate and never enter the lecture-room.

The evils of the present utter absence of control over the work of the students may perhaps bring about a reaction before long. However bad these student corps may seem now, their actions are considered nothing as compared to the good old times when studying was not taken so seriously and feats of lawlessness were daily perpetrated.

The emperor is one of the warmest admirers of the corps system and the dueling. At a students' meeting at Bonn, in May, 1891, he said: "I hope that as long

as there are German corps students, the spirit which is fostered in their corps, and which is steeled by strength and courage, will be preserved, and that you will always take delight in the rapier. There are many people who do not understand what our 'Mensuren' really mean, but that must not lead us astray. You and I who have been corps students know better than that. As in the middle ages manly strength and courage were steeled by the practice of jousting or tournaments, so the spirit and habits which are acquired from membership of a corps furnish us with the degree of fortitude which is necessary to us when we go out into the world, and which will last as long as there are German universities."

If this small dueling went no farther little objection could be raised against it; but familiarity with the "Schläger" naturally lures one to use more dangerous weapons, and students who win glory in the "Mensuren" are easily led into dueling of a more serious kind.



BY MRS. D. B. DYER.

A QUEER collection of stores, where the families of merchants mostly reside in the second stories above their place of business, shops, houses ancient and modern huddled together in haphazard fashion along the sides of a magnificent broad thoroughfare wider and more beautiful than Pennsylvania avenue, with no push, no rush, but everybody contented, is Augusta, Georgia, old and quaint.

Nowhere is preserved such an aggregation of venerable objects illustrative of the history of the South, from its beginning, as are to be found upon the streets and amid the surroundings of this town. Negroes big and negroes little, dressed in all sorts of raiment, and cotton everywhere. Are there only negroes and cotton in this country, I asked? While such thought was flitting through my mind, the procession of black negroes and gleaming white cotton jogged on; for it is in the September season this land of Dixie is a swirling mass of black and white, an animated picture decked out in full dress abloom.

With a seeming bustle and hurry, there is a constant rattling and passing of old-fashioned drays, piled high with steel-bound bales, driven by ragged darkies covered with an accumulation of loose particles of white-wreathed flying film which adheres to every portion of their clothing, even sticking to their eyebrows and kinky locks. The coming of the cotton brings with it the rapid and reckless driving of these draymen, and pedestrians, at the intersection of the principal streets, have to step lively to protect life and limb at times when drays are crossing. "Yes! I tell you, boss," a negro wag exclaimed, with his ivories all showing, "yo' put one ob dem half-grown niggers back on de tail-end ob a cotton dray, and he'll make his ole hoss bow his neck and switch 'round de Arlington corner like a Mogul."

It is a most inspiring sight to watch these darkies, who are a happy, jolly throng of people. The air is filled with their characteristic carols of joy, and the sun to them seems always to be shining. They laugh with a merriment that



AN AUGUSTA STREET CAR.

could never be compassed by white folks, and joke with a joyous abandon, making a good-natured noise and fuss to help their work along, while they relieve themselves of a superfluous amount of shouting and yelling, which seems as indispensable to them as swearing is to a mule-driver on the tow path.

Their whistling capacity is marvelously musical, and high above the dray-din can be heard these flute-like human sounds wafted out upon the air into a rendition of "I hain't got long to stay here," or "I'm a-rollin', I'm a-rollin', I'm a-rollin' through an unfrien'ly world;" and as you are ready to bow your acknowledgement and thanks, and clap your hands in appreciation of the perfection of such a talent, a deep barytone, as clear as a bugle, can be heard spirally ascending with vim and spirit into the hilarious melody:

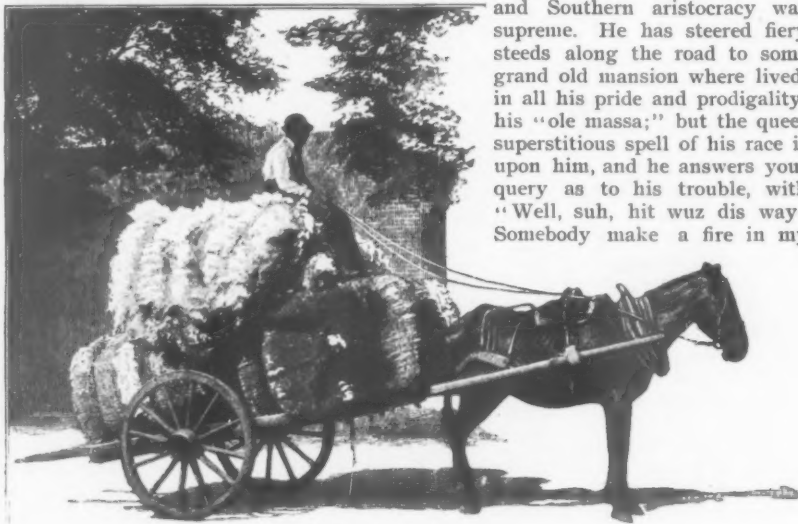
"Oh, de sun des shine an shine,
But de white man keep me gwine;
Fur I'm on de way
At de break er day,
En de white man keep me gwine."

From every side street, and down the great, beautiful wide thoroughfare beneath the dreamy tropic skies of blue, come these happy-hearted full-grown dusky children of the sun, care free as can be found on earth, with no thought

for the morrow. Certainly this is the heart of the black belt. Frequently an ebony dame in a splint-seated chair, with a full load of piccaninnies alert as terriers, munching the sweet morsel of a sugar-cane stalk, can be seen perched in a ramshackle flaring two-wheeled cart or wagon drawn by a cow, or scraggy half-sized ox, harnessed with an amazing array of broad leather bands and chains. The little beasts in these interesting antiques are guided with a steady pull for the right and a sudden jerk to the left, by a single rope line as they come zig-zagging down the superb stretch of asphalt, weaving in and out among smart traps and high-bred vehicles.

"Fresh shrimp! Fresh shrimp! Fresh shrimp!" is the clarion cry that greets the ear of the hungry populace during the early morning hours, varying at times, as the seasons change, to "Hyar yo' mullet! Hyar yo' blackfish!" and old Uncle Dick, wrinkled, aged and rheumatic—a characteristic darkey of the ne plus ultra of the ante-bellum days—totters in sight, pushing his cart before him, seemingly oblivious to the fact that cruel time has bowed his frame and dimmed his once bright eyes. He has seen the South in its most flourishing days. He has been the pampered coachman of some imperial house when cavaliers flourished

and Southern aristocracy was supreme. He has steered fiery steeds along the road to some grand old mansion where lived, in all his pride and prodigality, his "ole massa;" but the queer superstitious spell of his race is upon him, and he answers your query as to his trouble, with "Well, suh, hit wuz dis way: Somebody make a fire in my



TYPICAL COTTON DRAY.



WELL, DOO ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

house wid wood what de lightnin' dun strike, en I begin ter fail fum dat ve'y day."

It was one of these Dominion darkies that became very much exercised over a young mule that had been shipped on a freight train in Columbia county. A tag with shipping directions thereon had been securely tied around its neck with a rope, but in the course of his journey the mule's hunger and natural depravity had tempted him to chew up both tag and rope. This gave the darkey brakeman great concern. He hurried to the caboose and saw the conductor. "Mars' George," he cried, "'fo' Gawd, whar yo' 'spects to put off dat colt? 'E done eat up whar 'e gwine!"

One of the saddest features in a glimpse

reigned on the plantation in the big white-pillared house, yielding precedence only to "ole miss" and "the doctor." As she stands at the well, balancing with pardonable pride a pail of water high in the air without causing as much as a ripple to appear on the surface, she stumbles over the yellow rabbit-dog that has run under her feet, but a spirit of courtesy and kindness pervades her countenance as she keeps herself and charge intact, while she unceremoniously accosts you with "Clar' to goodness, honey, de white folks dey come troopin' to yo' ve'y cabin do' wid a 'Howdy, Mammy Liza; how be ye?' An' dey split da' sides a-laffin' as dey frow de copper cents to de piccanin-nies." And in truth tourists find much amusement in tossing pennies from the



A GEORGIA COTTON FIELD.

of Southern life is the passing away of the old-fashioned negroes. Colored like the exterior of chocolate creams, Priscilla Holly leisurely passes along the thoroughfare, "totin'" on her head a straw basket filled high with bunches of green grass, driving a trade with the public by means of the information "dat de way de old pent-up cows and horses lub'd dat stuff was a plum sight."

A black mammy, with ample proportions and ornate architecture, gowned in a flowering sofa-covered chintz, with manners of a grande dame, is still a unique figure, but soon the last bandana head-dress will be gone from the street. This embodiment of loyalty and devotion was brought up before the war, and once

hotel verandas and sidewalk into a crowd of George Washingtons and Andrew Jacksons—types of ragged woolly-headed boys—which instantly resolves itself into a tangle of arms and legs, the heads being out of sight in the center of the mass searching for the coin. Their good humor seems contagious, and they emerge with mouths open wide, showing the gleam of snow-white teeth within, ready to plunge their faces into a pan of molasses for small pieces of the same metal. The dripping of the brown-red sweetness from their ears, eyes, nose and chin turns their expression into a shiny "turkey-and-possum fat" that has been melted to a greasy liquid.

These same black gamins of varying



SCRAMBLING FOR PENNIES.

ages form themselves into strolling "jugger bands," making night hideous with what is termed, in their own lingo, music. As groups are gathered together at doors, steps and sidewalks in languor, the electric lights glaring peevishly as they cast their shadows on the dazzling

white of the earth, you are startled by hollow sounds rising up from brown clay jugs, empty beer bottles, and brandy flasks, while the harmonica carries a tune to a triangle accompaniment.

It is around a cabin door, amid the umbrageous shade of the china tree, that you can find a flock of these ragged, barefooted, toe-wiggling darkies shooting the green berry bullets from their pop-guns of cane. The one thing essential to the negro lad, and one that is most needed in a mad-

dening hunt, is a yelping crowd of hunting-dogs, so the first time in his life that he has anything that he can call his own, he swaps it for a puppy that can be trained to run rabbits. He roams about the plantation full of an absorbing interest, surrounded by as mongrel a crew of canines as ever wore dog-skin. He runs through stubble fields of reeds and brakes, startling a partridge brood from the grass; jumps ditches fringed with the broom-sedge, and as the moon, a thing to awe and wonder at, hangs like a bright shield, throwing ghosts and jack-o'-lanterns in its shadow, he discovers a sign and suddenly exclaims, in childish glee, "Raccoon bin prowlin' yere; dat a racoon foot," looking critically at the imprint in the sand. "Dat ain't no racoon; hit's a rabbit," affirms another; and so the argument goes, every foot of the road suggesting a whole combination of possibilities—

"Until the knots of pine are lighted and the dogs with pleasure howl
Till they scare that poor benighted bird of wisdom called the owl;
Then, regardless of all chiding, to the swamp the dogs run free,
And they find the old 'coon hiding up the big persimmon tree."



FROM "RABBIT HILL."

It is no exaggeration to say, down in this sandy land of black-haws and may-pops, where chinkapins fall, the whippoorwills come out, and the katydids chant a refrain to the wind of the pines, that the watermelon—the Georgia emblem of sweetness—is not to the black native's life a thing apart, but is to him his whole existence. A dozen hills of corn will be plowed up to save one melon vine, and the cotton choppers regard them as sa-

cred. Its very name sends a thrill of ecstasy to the heart and stirs up a commotion in all parts of the darkey's being when it comes time to lay skinned sticks between the rows where gray melons are desired and streaked sticks where the rattlesnake kind are wanted. The anxiety as to results continues from the starting of the seed to the maturity of the fruit of fruits that flourishes in such luxuriance.

The old-time darkey, who took pride in the aristocratic claims of his owners, boasted that his were "quality folks," and felt a tinge of compassion for those of his race who happened to belong to families clearly plebeian in their social environments. The "Shake Rag" and "Rabbit Hill" negro of Augusta is not of this class, but the scenes down "Black Snake Alley," in the Amazonian territory, the various types of darkies with all their mannerisms, loud and boisterous revelry, fights and games of craps, present a spectacle that, to one unfamiliar with such sights, is worth going miles to see.

The "dressed-to-kill" feminine portion wear gowns of white and gaudy colors fluttering with bright ribbons of violent contrast, and for extraordinary occasions, a horse-hair chignon is pinned on as a crowning effect. The African strain in the blood crops out in a passion for adornments of the genuine article if the wearer be opulent enough; if not, of as good imitation as she can compass. Nothing can surpass the triumph achieved by one of these darktown, snow-ball belles at a terpsichorean gathering. When the wicked moon and the wickeder man in it is winking so wantonly, and the



"TOTIN" WATER.

little stars are shining so daintily, it is then a straight-flush, king-full "Shake-Rag" with four aces presses her hand and deftly steals his arm around her waist, tremblingly whispering to her fond heart "dat de reasons am dat he cherishes her;" when a rival appears with right hand clinched the size of a sand-bag. Sh! bend nearer: see you yon dark dripping form slowly dragging under the protecting shadow of the china-berry tree? that is a "Rabbit Hill;" and the moon sails on serenely mellow, while the "patteroll" is heard in the distance.

The streets of Augusta are its characteristic and beautiful feature. Broad street, the one business thoroughfare a hundred and eighty feet wide, is a magnificent stretch of asphalt, level as a floor, running grandly through the town. Thither in the afternoon the population flock en masse. Pretty girls, smartly dressed cotton factors, bachelors, bank clerks, either on foot or in stylish carts or drags, meet to drink "orange blood phosphate" and "cocoa kola," while a gay throng chat away sweet nothings as they promenade, perpetually meeting and smiling on one another. Everybody is dressed in the best and brightest he or she can afford. Fair representatives of the wealth and aristocracy, in shining satins, chiffons and lace, jostle against dusky mulattresses of perfect figure and natural grace. Tugged out in fancy creations from their own hands which are clever imitations of the fashionable shops, these negresses tilt their noses decidedly upward as they pass a sister less prosperous. Vehicles whisk away back and forth around the tall Confederate monument shaft of Lee, Cobb,



IN PRIDE

OF PLACE.

Walker, and Stone-wall Jackson, until the sun goes suddenly down in a blaze of glory, as that orb has a habit of doing in these regions, and the malaria-laden dews send them tramping homeward.

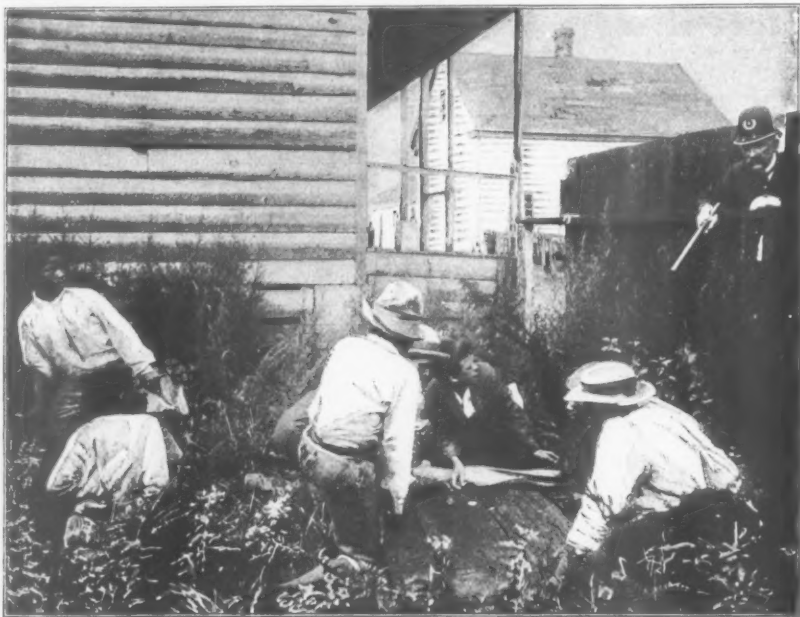
An obelisk to the memory of the Georgia heroes of the revolutionary war, George Walton, Button Guinnett, and Lyman Hall, stands at the lower end of Green street, a long avenue a hundred and eighty feet wide, three miles in length and with four rows of magnificent waving trees whose branches are so densely blended as to resemble an entwining canopy.

Private residences on each side, with open doors and windows, belonging to successful business men are surrounded by verandas with pillars and balustrades and adorned by a profusion of vines and gardens of superb flowers such as only a southern climate can produce.

Here fondly lingers a friendly rivalry between the ultra-exclusives and the antebellum patrician set of Summerville, the pine forest suburb setting high on the sand-hills, a tranquil flowery wilderness of old-time grandeur, redolent of the luxurious past, a unique hamlet sumptuous with shiny brass, mahogany, and white-haired butlers. In a labyrinth of bloom the opening leaves of flowers and shrubs fling such fragrance out upon the still air that it follows and trails far behind you as the smoke from a chimney follows the wind. All is quiet save the fluttering of a bird's wing and a soft aerial twittering to disturb the cultivated leisure of the gentle-voiced languid dames in their seclusion. There is no noise in these ancestral acres, for liveried drivers are guiding their lordly landaus and stately

family coaches soundlessly through the deep sand of the streets. A progressive innovation of hurry and bustle, that created a genuine sensation among the inhabitants of this old-fashioned settlement a few years ago, was the building of a winter hotel and the planting of a whizzing electric line through the village. The silver-haired portly occupants declared the latter encroached upon their sacred precinct, and it was therefore voted by them a nuisance. They had their victorias and barouches, and they wanted none such of these nerve-trying machine

of St. Paul. It was likewise provided that the church above referred to, "with the cemetery or burial place thereto belonging," should be called the parish church and burial place of St. Paul. Here, wearing a colonial aspect, is the old picturesque tangled vine garden of the dead, where ancient trees, and ancient graves with rickety stones, cover a wide low-lying plain, through which meanders in a sinuous course, out into the great blue ocean, the muddy Savannah. These cracked tombs, grown over with weeds and briars, have held the ashes of revolu-



"COME SEBEN; COME ELEBEN!"

cars infringing upon their time-honored customs. The offensive hostelry's success as a resort for Northern health seekers could not be suppressed.

The old town is a region rich in historic memories, scattered about in various places. St. Paul's churchyard occupies a site where, in 1735, Oglethorpe planted a fort, when he directed his earliest attention to making treaties of alliance with the Creeks and Cherokee Indians. In pursuance of an act approved the fifteenth of March, 1758, the District of Augusta was defined and designated as the Parish

tionary heroes for a century. The gruesome yellow slab sepulchers are covered with green mould and matted vines of ivy, while the stately, solemn trees still live and flourish, murmuring an endless chant through their branches to the memory of men who, so long ago, took their swords and pledged their word to save their country. The loss sustained by the British at the siege of Augusta was great, while the casualties reported among the Americans who participated in that memorable affair were small. Two fortifications constituted the principal defenses of the



STYLE IN EQUIPAGE.

town, Fort Cornwallis and Fort Grierson; the latter standing very nearly upon the spot now occupied by the cotton mills. British regulars were stationed in Fort Cornwallis, while the tenure of Fort Grierson was confided to militia.

"Meadow Garden," the home of George Walton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, is a picturesque relic of colonial days, full of patriotic associations. Augusta claims the distinction of being the southern city that welcomed a president of the United States on the first visit any president ever made to the land now known as Dixie. It required a long journey in those days of the nation's earliest history for a president

to reach Georgia, as he had to ride in hacks all the way, stopping here and there en route, and partaking of such diet as the planters of the country could offer. One of the special points of interest connected with "Meadow Garden" is a tradition that it was in that house George Washington was entertained during his stay in 1791. The old gabled structure stands on the canal bank, and although dilapidated, having long since fallen into decay, it is an object of great interest to all visitors.

Not only is Augusta one of the handsomest cities of Dixieland, with its broad avenues and streets running at right angles to each other, but it is also typical



TYPICAL NEGRO HOME.

of the spirit of energy and progress which has rehabilitated many sections of the South since the war. Commercially it is a center of no small consequence, having nine railroad connections, and is also the head of steamboat navigation on the Savannah river, two hundred and seventy-one miles above its mouth. Of course, cotton manufacture is the main industry, but there are also machine shops, glass works, planing mills, flour mills, breweries, tobacco factories, rope factories, and so on through a long list of prosperous enterprises.

The construction of a canal did much toward promoting the prosperity of the

The contrast between Augusta's sleepy ante-bellum state and its present lively condition is striking. Its population has trebled since the war, and in size and wealth it is now rated the third city in the state.

Local pride among the inhabitants has given rise to a peculiar fad which seems to be quite prevalent. It consists in naming the elder daughter of the family after the city. It is almost an even chance that, on being introduced to a young lady, her name will be Miss Augusta. Among some of the old families the spirit of loyalty is carried still further, by naming the second daughter Georgia. The



THE WOODEN PLOW STILL SERVES.

city. It is nine miles long and furnishes tremendous water power for manufacturing purposes. In every sense it is a thoroughly wide-awake and energetic city. There are several banks employing a capital of over three million dollars, a large number of handsome church edifices, an excellent school system, a medical college, three hospitals and an orphan asylum.

Directly across the river is Hamburg, South Carolina, by which Augusta is connected with three bridges. Gas lights twinkle and electric lamps glare on all the streets, and the trolley car with its clanging bell is omnipresent.

"Aggies" and "Georgies" in the girls' schools take the lead in the majority of the names.

"Sand Bar ferry," three miles below the city, whose soil is immortalized in a red-writ record, is a melancholy spot lying in a low valley, surrounded by lagoons and shady woods of water-oaks, hanging chokingly thick with Spanish moss and muscadine vines, where, in colonial days, the British troops crossed and recrossed the Savannah river from South Carolina into Georgia. The dueling ground made famous in the days of chivalry, when men were brave enough

to face death for the smiles of women, is located on the other side of this stream, in a dense jungle. The Georgians rowed over to the banks of South Carolina and fought in the weird shadows. Twenty-five years have passed since the last tragedy was enacted, when honor seemed all that lay between existence and eternity.

"An' yo' ax if I knows fo' sure what gwine on hyar in dem dar slabery times? Nothin'," said Uncle Joe, the little old black man with short white wool over his face and head, as he stopped in the sweet-potato patch and leaned on the handle of his hoe. "But, sah, I does know, if yo' listens keen, away off yonder, down by dem waters, hits haunted by de longest line ob ghosts what's obtained in any udder part ob dis world. Yo' listens intently in de dead ob night, an' yo' seems to hyar a whisperin' among de swish-swash ob de waves, and hit persistently seems to disclose to yo' somethin' down deep. De moon goes low and de wind blows ghosts, and der trailin' robes come troopin' out ob de darkness, and, sah, dey tells me it is de spirits ob de brave old gemmuns what was killed on de field what de white folks calls honor."

There was a finishing touch of cotton over the old man's coat, as well as something pathetic in the weary droop of his shoulders, and as his voice rose and fell, we were forcibly reminded of the quaint old



AUNT PRISCILLA.

customs of the South, of those days that have gone, and that will "dawn again no more forever."

Superstition still holds unchallenged sway among all the negroes. Occasionally a modern, up-to-the-times darkey will pretend to scoff at the potent charms of a rabbit's foot caught in a graveyard at dead of night, but in his innermost heart he firmly believes in its efficacy. The old-time cotton-field negro is to-day a more abject slave to superstition than he ever was to the white race. Freedom and all its attendant train of privileges has had but slight effect upon him in that



AN AUTHORITY ON GHOSTS.



VETERANS OF THE COTTON FIELD.

respect. He regulates the most commonplace acts and all the ordinary affairs of life by an unswerving adherence to his code of signs, omens and superstitions. To the moon he gives his closest attention. Even to the more enlightened, that luminary is an object of deep mystery and wonder, and to its varying appearance, in conjunction with terrestrial events and conditions, is attributed half the ill or good luck that comes. Planting and harvesting are both governed by its phases, while its alleged effect on rheumatic pains and other bodily ills is well-nigh overwhelming.

It is hard to determine whether the weakness for gambling is any more prevalent than it formerly was. One thing is sure, and that is, that in this center of the black belt, it is a universal habit among the negroes.

In earliest childhood days they acquire

it, and the habit is never willingly abandoned, even temporarily. As soon as a piccaninny is big enough to do anything, he is big enough to play "craps," and he takes to it as naturally as does a duckling to the water.

An out-and-out negro will gamble on anything and for anything. As long as he is gambling he is happy, and cares not for hunger or fatigue. Sleeping in the sun is the one greater pleasure of life. His belief in signs and omens rules him absolutely in his betting, whether it be for a big event, as the hazarding half a dollar on a horse race, or a simple bet as to who can tell the biggest lie. Like the negro of every other city, his regular and serious gambling is done in the policy shops. He "shoots craps" only to kill time, but he does it persistently, and "come seben; come eleben," forms the burden of his talk.





THE FAMOUS FÊTE AT VAUX.

BY ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY.

NEVER was there a more notable garden party than that given by Fouquet at Vaux, to dazzle Louis le Grand. Not only was it the most brilliant event of that period of brilliant festivities, when the fête champêtre reached the zenith of its magnificence, but it was the culmination of a long series of national intrigues.

Alexandre Dumas has used this famous meeting as the setting of his romance in which is told the thrilling story of the Man in the Iron Mask; but to accomplish his purpose he was compelled to distort some of the commonplaces and introduce a mysterious prisoner from a royal dungeon, to whom he ascribes the relationship of brother to Louis. The king, according to Dumas, is ab-

ducted from Vaux and sent to take his brother's place in the dungeon, while the brother, who greatly resembles him, takes his place. Excepting this violation of the probabilities and the mythical adventures of the three musketeers, the great

novelist found the characters and incidents for his story made to his hand. The elements which made the witchery of the romance and the spell of the tragedy were all there; in fact, the real is almost more wonderful than the fiction.

The private correspondence of La Fontaine and others tells how delightful was the fellowship which existed at Vaux. The château was like a little university, and every man of genius was an honored fellow. Masterpieces of lit-



MADAME DE LA VALLIÈRE.



STATUE OF LENÔTRE.

erature and art sprang into being under the fostering patronage of the master.

Two Machiavellian minds were here pitted against each other in the combat of fierce ambition. Fouquet on the one hand, with his unlimited presumption, his daring and his munificence; on the other, Colbert, with his indomitable will, a relentless idea of justice and the vindictiveness of personal hate. All these elements gave to the game played between the two the foredoom of inexorable fate. This stage-setting and these characters, the war of interests, developing through plot and counter-plot, make a story of more absorbing interest, when stripped to the nudity of absolute truth, than when disguised by Dumas' trappings of fiction. Nor is there lacking the tender touch of true love to waken the pity which always waits on genuine overmastering passion and self-forgetful devotion.

The central figure, in theatrical effect, was Louis the Great, who was the most ardent worshiper of the outward attributes of glory that ever lived—a man whose very soul was eaten through and through with a passion for display and ostentatious self-glorification; who took for his device the sun in full splendor. It was a strange oversight upon the part of

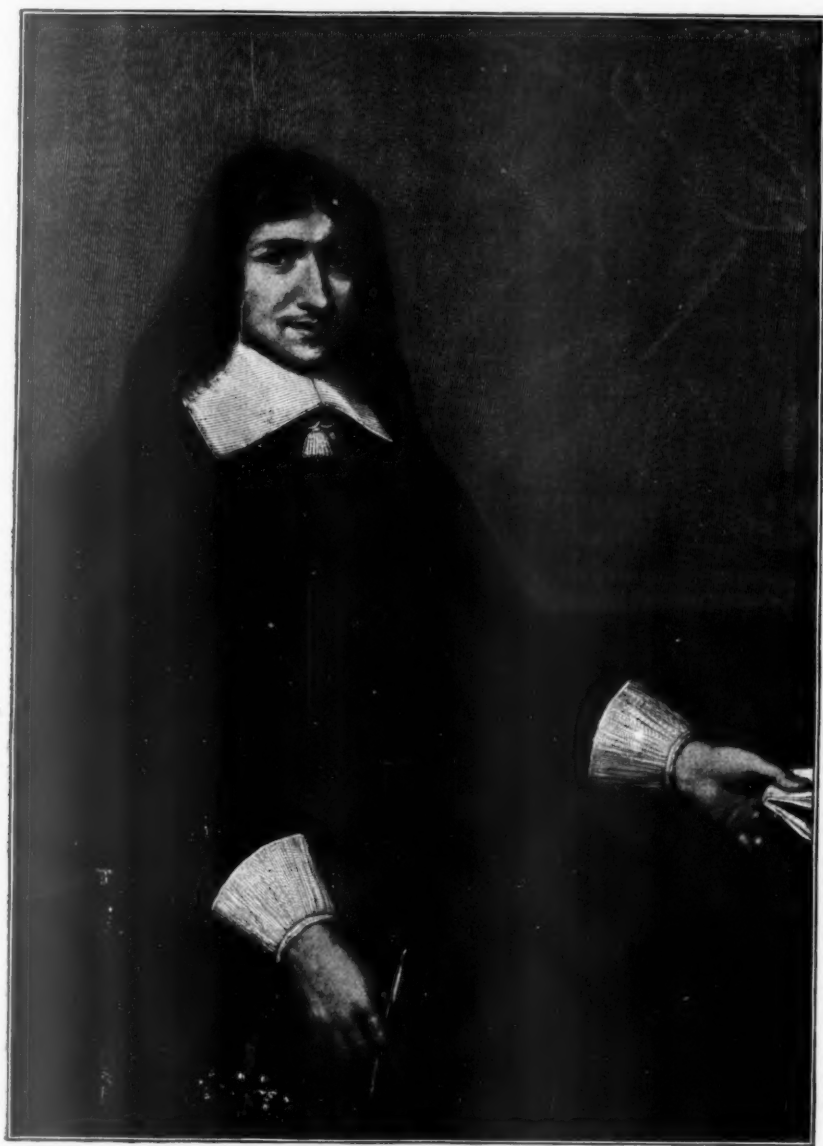
Fouquet that he took no count of these peculiarities of his royal master. At Vaux Louis had the humiliation of seeing himself outshone in every particular. Fouquet, the dazzling comet, for a moment so blinded the eyes of all beholders that the sun in his glory was eclipsed—a crime which Louis could never forgive.

For years fate had been slowly gathering and storing the explosives to which the match was to be applied on the evening of the festival of Vaux. For years Fouquet had prospered in a career of wild extravagance and wilder ambition. He was *surintendant des finances*, with the public funds in his control. The king was almost a puppet in his hands. Unlimited power might have remained in Fouquet's grasp if he could have contented himself in wielding that power unseen. But instead of pulling the strings behind the curtain, he ventured upon the stage as the open rival for popularity of the lay figure that occupied the throne. Colbert, in his way as clever as Fouquet, had been longing to manipulate the wires, and it was at the time of the Vaux garden party, while Fouquet was strutting before the audience, that Colbert's opportunity came.

Just when the idea of the wonderful festival came to Fouquet's mind it is impossible to say; but from the time of his purchase of the eight hundred acres that



COLBERT, FROM THE PAINTING BY MIGNARD IN THE PARIS INSTITUTE.



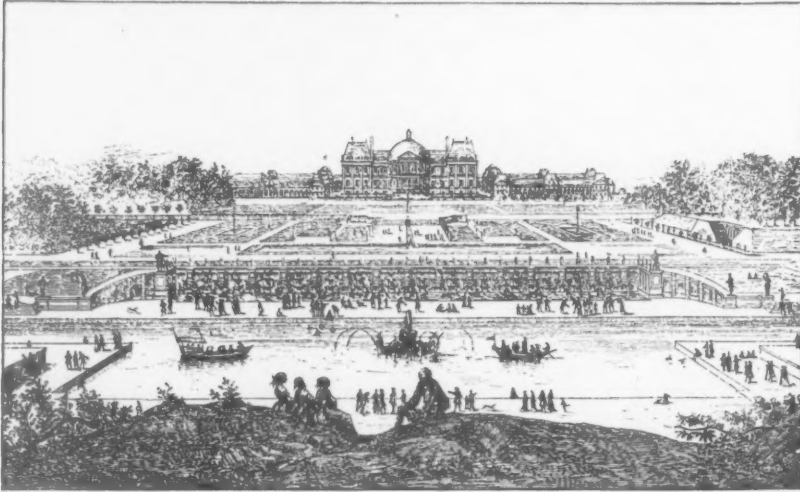
FOUQUET, THE FOUNDER OF VAUX.

formed the estate of Vaux, not far from Fontainebleau, the genius and the resources of the kingdom were applied to bring about the grand result—a festival the expense of which Fouquet himself was unable to estimate, but which must have mounted into the millions.

Fouquet had the good fortune to be the patron of the painter Charles Le Brun, who introduced him to his old fellow-student André Lenôtre, the first landscape gardener to raise his profession from little more than a menial occupation to the dignity of an art. Lenôtre had been a man of great ideas, which hitherto he had had no opportunity of developing. He occupied a subordinate position under his

ing was struck by the arrangement of the espalier itself in his walks along the terrace. Lenôtre was forty years old when he stepped from the jasmine terrace to the gardens of Vaux. It was the first in a long series of wonderful achievements, culminating in the gardens of Versailles. There was hardly an estate of importance in France to which he did not afterward put his transforming touch. For years unknown and uninterrupted, with practically unlimited resources at his command, he pursued the elaboration of his first inspiration at Vaux.

Had there been no Lenôtre there could have been no such festival, and Molière, La Fontaine, Le Brun, Mignard,



ENTRANCE TO THE GARDENS.

father, who was superintendent of the Tuileries. The superintendent had desired that his son should be an artist, and had placed him in the studio of Simon Vouet, where his fellow-pupils, Le Brun, Le Sueur and Mignard, declared that he evinced sufficient talent to outstrip them all had he so desired; but he quietly bided his time as an undergardener, drawing a small salary "for the care of an espalier of Spanish jasmine and white mulberries on a terrace which stretches along the Rue de Rivoli."

Fouquet, when he gave state accounts his attention, may have noticed this item, though it is more probable that the lover of flowers and hater of strict bookkeep-

Poussin, Puget, and Vatel would have missed their recognition.

Le Notre had a modest room at the chateau, and, overseeing his army of nine hundred laborers during the day, sat at night under the great dome of the central hall with his dilettanti host and applauded the poems and witty writings of the Society of Epicureans, who were the guests of the house during that period. Fouquet's first work was to remove his twenty-seven thousand volumes to the library of Vaux, and it was this room that was devoted to his literary guests. There La Fontaine sat and read and wrote for months at a time; and there Molière, unrecognized yet as a dramatist



COMTESSE DE GRIGNAN.

and known only as a comedian, came for shorter intervals. Leveau, the leading architect of the time, was meanwhile carrying on the construction of the château above their heads, and Charles Le Brun, subsidized during those four years by a generous salary, was painting the frescoes which still ornament the ceilings. One can imagine the Epicureans stepping from the library to crane their necks at Le Brun on his scaffolding touching in the Morpheus and the poppies which were destined to hang over the king's bed in the state bed-chamber, palatial as that at Fontainebleau. At a still dizzier height Le Brun painted, in the interior of the noble dome, the eagle from whose claws was to be suspended the gilded chain holding the great luster.

With the help of the court portrait painter Mignard, Le Brun had a still more interesting and delicate mission to fulfill. Fouquet had the reputation of being irresistible as a ladies' man. He made more magnificent presents than the king himself; besides, he was far handsomer and more entertaining. It was one of his ambitions that the portrait gallery at Vaux should be unique in the history of art. Among other things it was to be a gallery of the reigning beauties of the day. No sooner did a lady attain some reputation for beauty at court than Le Brun or Mignard was sent, with the request that she would do the superintendent of finance the honor to allow her portrait to be painted for his gallery. The request was always accompanied by a valuable present in jewels, and was couched in such flattering terms that it was seldom refused. Indeed, it came at length to be considered an honor, or cachet for beauty, to be coveted and envied. Prior to the garden party the secrets of the gallery were kept carefully

guarded, and many were the rumors and heart burnings as to who was, and who was not, thought worthy to be included in the collection.

La Vallière was the rising star at court. Fouquet's collection was certainly not complete without her portrait, and bets were laid by the courtiers as to whether he would succeed in obtaining it.

Le Brun's position was no sinecure. Besides the frescoes and the portraits, he had the supervision of the manufacture of the tapestries. Many of these were from his own designs, but he had also as a colleague in this department, Philippe Lallement of Reims, a landscape painter of note, and Beaudrain, a Parisian artist. A colony of Flemish tapestry workers was imported and settled in ateliers at Mains, a village on the estate near the château; and here, under the superintendence of Le Brun, they executed the superb series of hangings which adorn the walls of the château to this day. This manufactory was the precursor of the Gobelins, established a little later by Colbert, and very probably both the idea and the workmen were taken by him from Vaux.



MOLIÈRE. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE MUSÉE ROYALE, PARIS.

There must have been interesting conferences between the architect Leveau and the sculptor Legendre, who had charge of the ornate stucco work, before the tapestries or even the frescoes could find their place; and the wood carver Gittard, and the fine cabinet worker and maker of marquetry, Jacques Pro., rivaled each other in their exquisite workmanship.

While Lenôtre, doubtless, was interested in these forms of applied art within the château, his own field was far more vast than that of any of his confrères, not even excepting the designs and superintendence of Le Brun. He had begun, as every true artist begins, by

giving rein to his imagination. Long before, as he paced within the narrow bounds of his jasmine espalier, he had seen stretching before him the vision of that noble vista which any one may see to-day as he stands on the terrace in front of the château of Vaux. It is exactly the same panorama which dazzled the eyes of the astonished courtiers as they were welcomed by Fouquet to the fête held two hundred years ago. Lenôtre felt that his work was as truly a composition as is a symphony, a grand historical painting or a poem. As such it must have a central thought, a definite purpose. This he accomplished in the main vista. Looking down it the vision passes by scrolls of Persian embroidery made with living flowers, long lines of sentinel-like statues, vases like rows of lilies, marble seats backed by close-clipped walls of greenery, across broad expanses of quiet water to a colossal gilded Hercules. In the far distance this figure seems no larger than a jeweled clasp, giving just the right accent of interest where sight is lost in imagination.

To accomplish all this, Lenôtre leveled three villages and turned the course of a river. He cut down forests in certain directions and planted them in others. He drained marshes, turned farms into well-stocked hunting parks, constructed the most perfect driveways known in France, and designed an entirely new system of hydraulics for the wonderful fountains. This was done merely to prepare the ground for another army of art artisans.

Louis XIV. was rendered vaguely uneasy by what he heard. On his return from his marriage with the Infanta at St. Jean de Luz he visited Vaux. His jealousy was aroused, although Fouquet apologized for not being able to entertain the

king fittingly at such short notice and asked permission to give a festival to the monarch and the court the following year. The permission was granted, for Louis, already suspicious that Fouquet was profiting by his position to appropriate public funds, was curious to see



1 LOUIS XIV. OF FRANCE.

to what lengths he would go.

Soon after he set Colbert upon Fouquet's track as a detective, with Fouquet's position as a reward if he were proved guilty.

The day of theseventeenth of August, 1661, arrived, and the court, which was then at Fontainebleau, drove to Vaux. Six thousand invitations had been issued. The guests were received by Fouquet. He led them first to the gardens, whose enormous extent af-

forded ample space for the multitude. Hitherto gardens had been comparatively small enclosed plots. When the guests passed through the château and stood upon the terrace, with the wonderful vista stretching before them, they were astounded.

The court wandered about, enchanted, delighted and surprised. At the right was a maze such as had never before been constructed in France; at the left, a cascade. On the beautiful pièce d'eau which crossed the garden at right angles, gilded boats, tended by nymphs, were ready to carry them far into the forest. Everywhere were grottoes, frescoes, bouquets, marble balustrades with vases of exquisite shape, and a profusion of color and perfume in the flower-beds. Shadowy avenues led into the forest. Musicians, carefully secreted, filled the air with delightful sounds. Swans glided upon the ponds; fish brought from the ends of Europe disported in the waters. Wonder upon wonder was disclosed to view.

Having inspected the gardens, Fouquet led the way to the château, pausing first in the magnificent domed rotunda, then



JEAN DE LA FONTAINE.

escorting the king through the charming suites of apartments. Louis could hardly contain himself at the sight of such luxury and elegance.

After viewing the house each of the guests received a ticket for a lottery, each number drawing a prize. The ladies all received jewels, the gentlemen arms. After that came the call to supper, which was furnished by the famous Vatel at a cost of one hundred and

twenty thousand livres. The king and the nobles ate from four hundred and thirty-two services of gold.

From the supper-table the guests passed to an al-fresco theater arranged in the park, with scenery painted by Le Brun. There Molière's play, "Les Fâcheux," written and learned for the occasion in fifteen days, was given, with a poetical prologue by La Fontaine. This was followed by a ballet with ingenious transformation scenes, in which antique statues opened and disclosed dazzling nymphs of the theater.

When Colbert wandered through the rooms a surprise met him. Everywhere, in the decorations, Le Brun had painted, at Fouquet's instigation, Colbert's own device, the viper, but not in any spirit of compliment. In each painting the viper was depicted as about to strike, menacing a squirrel, which was Fouquet's device; but the squirrel always frisked away in a taunting manner, exciting its enemy to impotent rage. The allegory was as plain to Colbert as to every one else. It was Fouquet's bold defiance to his hated rival. Colbert showed the



Jeanne Marguerite
MARQUISE
Née à S Bihy en 1668

de Brehan de Maumont
DE SEVIGNE
Morte à Paris en 1737

MARQUISE DE SEVIGNE.

decoration to the king, with Fouquet's own motto, "*Quo non ascendam!*" (to what shall I not ascend!), typified so well by the climbing squirrel. It is probable that he desired to be prime minister, but popular tradition gives a more romantic goal to his aspirations. The king's infatuation for La Vallière was an open secret, though she had proved hard to win. Fouquet's universal adoration had paid its customary tribute at her shrine, and court gossip had found this rivalry a racy topic. It was probably La Vallière's portrait being in Fouquet's gallery of beauties which, in connection with the "*Quo non ascendam,*" sealed his doom.

Three days later came the arrest of Fouquet, followed by the long trial for his life.

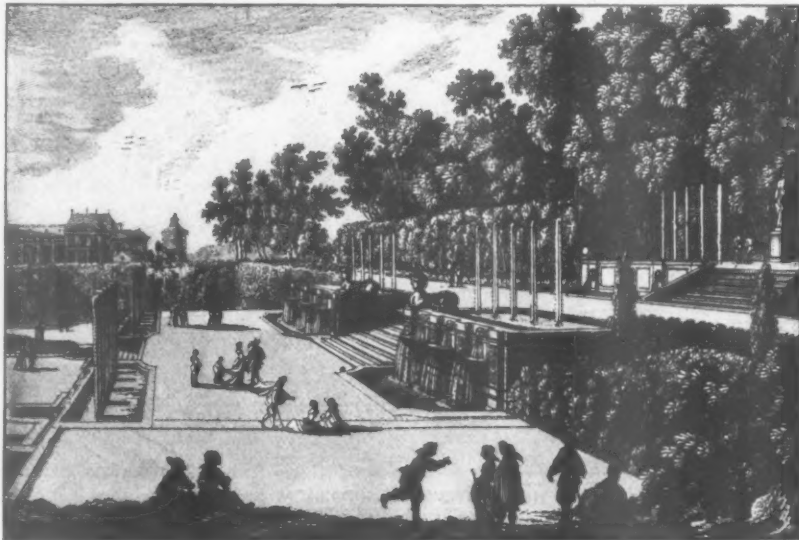
Fouquet's downfall came at last. The



ANDRÉ LENÔTRE, THE ARCHITECT.

charge of high treason was so illy proved that the sentence was only banishment—a penalty which the king was able to change to perpetual imprisonment. The lover of flowers and gardens passed thirteen long years, and died, in a narrow dungeon.

Not only did Louis XIV. unscrupulously rob Fouquet of all his material possessions, but he appropriated completely the Society of Epicureans and their genius, and plagiarized every one of Fouquet's ingenious ideas. The fête of Vaux was the precursor of a series of brilliant festivals given at Versailles in honor of La Vallière. They bore the same relation in magnificence to their model as the gardens of the palace do to those of the chateau, and with the same disproportion in their results, since Vaux ruined only Fouquet, while Versailles ruined France.





UNCLE BERNAC

— A MEMORY OF THE EMPIRE —

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

I.

THE COAST OF FRANCE.

I DARE say that I had already read my uncle's letter a hundred times and I am sure that I knew it by heart; none the less I took it out of my pocket and, sitting on the side of the lugger, I went over it again with as much attention as if it were for the first time. It was written in a prim, angular hand, such as one might expect from a man who had begun life as a village attorney, and it was addressed to Louis de Laval, to the care of William Hargreaves of the Green Man, in Ashford, Kent. The landlord had many a hogshead of untaxed French brandy from the Normandy coast, and the letter had found its way by the same hands.

"My Dear Nephew Louis:" said the letter. "Now that your father is dead and that you are alone in the world, I am sure that you will not wish to carry on the feud which has existed between the two halves of the family. At the time of the troubles your father was drawn toward the side of the king and I toward that of the people, and it ended, as you know, by his having to fly from the country and by my becoming the possessor of the estates of Grosbois. No doubt it is very hard that you should find yourself in a different position to your ancestors, but I am sure that you would rather that the land should be held by a Bernac than by a stranger. From the brother of your mother you will at least always meet with sympathy and consideration.

"And now I have some advice for you. You know that I have always been a re-

publican, but it has become evident to me that there is no use in fighting against fate, and that Napoleon's power is far too great to be shaken. This being so, I have tried to serve him, for it is well to howl when you are among wolves. I have been able to do so much for him that I may ask him what I like in return. He is now, as you are probably aware, at Boulogne, within a few miles of Grosbois. If you will come over at once he will certainly forget the hostility of your father in consideration of the services of your uncle. It is true that your name is still proscribed, but my influence with the emperor will set that matter right. Come to me then; come at once, and come with confidence.

"Your uncle, C. BERNAC."

So much for the letter, but it was the outside which had puzzled me most. A seal of red wax had been affixed at either end and my uncle had apparently used his thumb as a signet. One could see the little rippling ridges of a coarse skin imprinted upon the wax. And then above one of the seals there was written, in English, the two words, "Don't come." It was hastily scrawled, and whether by a man or a woman it was impossible to say; but there it stared me in the face, that sinister addition to an invitation.

"Don't come!" Had it been added by this unknown uncle of mine on account of some sudden change in his plans? Surely that was inconceivable, for why in that case should he send the invitation at all. Or was it placed there by some one else, who wished to warn me from accepting this offer of hospitality? The letter was in French; the warning was in English. Could it have been added in Eng-

land? But the seals were unbroken, and how could any one in England know what were the contents of the letter?

And then as I sat there, with the big sail humming like a shell above my head, I thought over all that I had heard of this uncle of mine. My father, the descendant of one of the proudest and oldest families in France, had chosen beauty and virtue, rather than rank, in his wife. Never for an hour had she given him cause to regret it; but this lawyer brother of hers had, as I understood, offended my father by his slavish obsequiousness in days of prosperity and his venomous enmity in the days of trouble. He had hounded on the peasants until my family had been compelled to fly from the country, and had afterward aided Robespierre in his worst excesses, receiving as a reward the castle and estate of Grosbois, which was our own. At the fall of Robespierre he had succeeded in conciliating Barras, and through every successive change he still managed to gain a new tenure of the property. Now it appeared from his letter that the new emperor of France had also taken his part, though why he should befriend a man with such a history, and what service my republican uncle could possibly render to him, were matters upon which I could form no opinion.

And now you will ask me, no doubt, why I should accept the invitation of such a man—a man whom my father had always stigmatized as a usurper and a traitor. The fact was, that we of the new generation felt it very irksome and difficult to carry on the bitter quarrels of the last. To the older émigrés the clock of time seemed to have stopped in the year 1792, and they remained forever with the loves and the hatreds of that era fixed indelibly upon their souls. These had been burned into them by the fiery furnace through which they had passed. But we who had grown up upon a strange soil understood that the world had moved and that new issues had arisen. We were inclined to forget these feuds of the last generation. France to us was no longer the murderous land of the sans-culotte and the guillotine basket. It was rather the glorious queen of war, attacked by all and conquering all, but still so hard pressed that her scattered sons could hear her call to arms forever sounding in their ears. It was

that call, more than my uncle's letter, which was taking me over the waters.

For long my heart had been with my country in her struggle, and yet while my father lived I had never dared to say so, for to him, who had served under Condé and fought at Quiberon, it would have seemed the blackest treason. But after his death there was no reason why I should not return to the land of my birth, and my desire was the stronger because Eugénie—the same Eugénie who has been thirty years my wife—was of the same way of thinking as myself. Her parents were a branch of the de Choiseuls, and their prejudices were even stronger than those of my father. Little did they think what was passing in the minds of their children. Many a time when they were mourning a French victory in the parlor, we were both capering with joy in the garden. There was a little window all choked round with laurel bushes, in the corner of the bare brick house, and there we used to meet at night, the dearer to each other from our difference with all who surrounded us. I would tell her my ambitions; she would strengthen them by her enthusiasm. And so all was ready when the time came.

But there was another reason besides the death of my father and the receipt of this letter from my uncle. Ashford was becoming too hot to hold me. I will say this for the English, that they were very generous hosts to the French emigrants. There was not one of us who did not carry away a kindly remembrance of the land and its people. But in every country there are overbearing, swaggering folk, and even in quiet, sleepy Ashford we were plagued by them. There was one young squire, Farley was his name, who had earned a reputation in the town as a bully and a roisterer. He could not meet one of us without uttering insults, not merely against the present French government, but against France itself and all Frenchmen. Often we were forced to be deaf in his presence, but at last his conduct became so intolerable that I determined to teach him a lesson. There were several of us in the coffee-room at the Green Man one evening, and he, full of wine and malice, was heaping insults upon the French, his eyes creeping round to me every moment to see how I was taking it.

Drawn by Sander.

"PULLING WITH LONG SLOW STROKES TOWARD THE LOW-LYING SHORE."



"Now, Monsieur de Laval," he cried, putting his rude hand upon my shoulder, "here is a toast for you to drink. This is to the arm of Nelson, which strikes down the French!" He stood leering at me to see if I would drink it. "Well, sir," said I, "I will drink your toast if you will drink mine in return." "Come on, then," said he. So we drank. "Now, monsieur, let us have your toast," said he. "Fill your glass, then," said I. "It is full now." "Well, then, here's to the cannon-ball which carried off that arm!" In an instant I had a glass of port wine running down my face, and within an hour a meeting had been arranged. I shot him through the shoulder, and that night, when I came to the little window, Eugénie plucked off some of the laurel leaves and stuck them in my hair.

There were no legal proceedings about the duel, but it made my position a little difficult in the town, and it will explain, with other things, why I had no hesitation in accepting my unknown uncle's invitation, in spite of the singular addition which I found upon the cover. If he had indeed sufficient influence with the emperor to remove the proscription which was attached to our name, then the only barrier which shut me off from my country would be demolished.

You must picture me all this time as sitting upon the side of the lugger and turning my prospects and my position over in my mind. My reverie was interrupted by the heavy hand of the English skipper dropping abruptly upon my shoulder.

"Now then, master," said he, "it's time you were stepping into the dingey."

I did not inherit the politics of the aristocrats, but I have never lost their sense of personal dignity. I gently pushed away this polluting hand, and I remarked that we were still a long way from the shore.

"Well, you can do as you please," said he roughly. "I'm going no nearer, so you can take your choice of getting into the dingey or of swimming for it."

It was in vain that I pleaded that he had been paid his price.

"Little enough, too!" he cried. "Down sail, Jim, and bring her to! Now, master, you can step over the side or you can come back to Dover; but I don't take the 'Vixen' a cable's length nearer to Amble-

teuse reef with this gale coming up from the sou'west."

"In that case, I shall go," said I.

"You can lay your life on that," he answered, and laughed in so irritating a fashion that I half turned upon him with the intention of chastising him. One is very helpless with these fellows, however, for a serious affair is of course out of the question, while if one uses a cane upon them they have a vile habit of striking with their hands which gives them an advantage. The Marquis de Chamfort told me that when he first settled in Sutton, at the time of the emigration, he lost a tooth when reproving an unruly peasant. I made the best of a necessity, therefore, and, shrugging my shoulders, I passed over the side of the lugger into the little boat. My bundle was dropped in after me (conceive to yourself the heir of all the de Laval's traveling with a single bundle for his baggage) and two seamen pushed her off, pulling with long slow strokes toward the low-lying shore.

There was certainly every promise of a wild night, for the dark cloud which had rolled up over the setting sun was now frayed and ragged at the edges, extending a good third of the way across the heavens. It had split low down near the horizon, and the crimson glare of the sunset beat through the gap, so that there was the appearance of fire with a monstrous reek of smoke. A red dancing belt of light lay across the broad slate-colored ocean, and in the center of it the little black craft was wallowing and tumbling. The two seamen kept looking up at the heavens and then over their shoulders at the land, and I feared every moment that they would put back before the gale burst. I was filled with apprehension every time when the end of their pull turned their faces skyward, and it was to draw their attention away from the stormdrift that I asked them what the lights were which had begun to twinkle through the dusk both to the right and to the left of us.

"That's Boulogne to the north and Étapes upon the south," said one of the seamen civilly.

Boulogne! Étapes! How the words came back to me. It was to Boulogne that in my boyhood we had gone down for the summer bathing. Could I not remember, as a little lad, trotting along

by my father's side as he paced the beach, and wondering why every fisherman's cap flew off at our approach? And as to Étapes, it was thence that we had fled for England, where the folk came raving to the pierhead as we passed, and I joined my thin voice to my father's as he shrieked back at them, for a stone had broken my mother's knee, and we were all frenzied with our fear and our hatred. And here they were, these places of my childhood, twinkling to the north and south of me; while there, in the darkness between them, and only ten miles at the furthest, lay my own castle, my own land of Grosbois, where the men of my own blood had lived and died long before some of us had gone across with Duke William to conquer the proud island over the water. How I strained my eager eyes through the darkness as I thought that the distant black keep of our fortalice might even now be visible.

"Yes, sir," said the seaman; "'tis a fine stretch of lonesome coast, and many is the cock of your hackle that I have helped ashore there."

"What do you take me for, then?" I asked.

"Well, 'tis no business of mine, sir," he answered. "There are some trades that had best not even be spoken about."

"You think that I am a conspirator?"

"Well, master, since you have put a name to it. Lor' love you, sir, we're used to it."

"I give you my word that I am none."

"An escaped prisoner, then?"

"No, nor that either."

The man leaned upon his oar and I could see in the gloom that his face was thrust forward and that it was wrinkled with suspicion.

"If you're one of Boney's spies——" he cried.

"I! a spy?" The tone of my voice was enough to convince him.

"Well," said he, "I'm darned if I know what you are. But if you'd been a spy I'd ha' had no hand in landing you, whatever the skipper might say."

"Mind you, I've no word to say against Boney," said the other seaman, speaking in a very thick, rumbling voice. "He's been a rare good friend to the poor mariner."

It surprised me to hear him speak so,

for the virulence of feeling against the new French emperor in England exceeded all belief; but he soon gave me a clue to his politics.

"If the poor mariner can run in his little bit of coffee and sugar, and run out his silk and his brandy, he has Boney to thank for it," said he. "The merchants have had their spell and now it's the turn of the poor mariner."

I remembered then that Buonaparte was personally very popular among the smugglers, as well he might be, seeing that he had made over into their hands all the trade of the Channel. The seaman continued to pull with his left hand, but he pointed with his right over the slate-colored, dancing waters.

"There's Boney himself!" said he.

You who live in a quieter age cannot conceive the thrill which these simple words sent through me. It was but ten years since we had first heard of this man with the curious Italian name:—think of it, ten years! the time that it takes for a private to become a non-commissioned officer, or a clerk to win a fifty-pound advance in his salary. He had sprung, in an instant, out of nothing into everything. One month people were asking who he was; the next he had broken out in the north of Italy like the plague. Venice and Genoa withered at the touch of this swarthy, ill-nourished boy. He cowed the soldiers in the field and he outwitted the statesmen in the council-chamber. With a frenzy of energy he rushed to the East, and then, while men were still marveling at the way in which he had converted Egypt into a French department, he was back again in Italy and had beaten Austria, for the second time, to the earth. He traveled as quickly as the rumor of his coming, and when he came there were new victories, new combinations, the crackling of old systems and the blurring of ancient lines of frontier. Holland, Savoy, Switzerland—they were become mere names upon the map. France was eating into Europe in every direction. They had made him emperor, this beardless artillery officer, and without an effort he had crushed down those republicans before whom the oldest king and the proudest nobility had been helpless. So it came about that we, who watched him dart from place to place

like the shuttle of destiny, and who heard his name always in connection with some new achievement and some new success, had come at last to look upon him as something more than human, something monstrous—overshadowing France and menacing Europe. His giant presence loomed over the continent, and so deep was the impression which his fame had made in my mind, that when the English sailor pointed confidently over the darkening waters and cried, "There's Boney!" I looked up for the instant with every expectation of seeing some gigantic figure, some elemental creature, dark, inchoate and threatening, brooding over the waters of the Channel. Even now, after the long gap of years and the knowledge of his downfall, that great man casts his spell upon you; but all that you read and all that you hear cannot give you an idea of what his name meant in the days when he was at the summit of his career.

What actually met my eye was very different from this foolish expectation of mine. To the north there was a long, low cape the name of which has now escaped me. In the evening light it had been of the same grayish-green tint as the other headlands, but now, as the darkness fell, it gradually broke into a dull glow, like a cooling iron. On that wild night, seen and lost with the heave and swoop of the boat, this lurid streak carried with it a vague but sinister suggestion. The red line splitting the darkness might have been a giant half-forged sword-blade with its point turned toward England.

"What is it then?" I asked.

"Just what I say, master," said he. "It's one of Boney's armies, with Boney himself in the middle of it, as like as not. Them is their camp fires, and you'll see a dozen such between this and Ostend. He's audacious enough to come across, is little Boney, if he could dowse Lord Nelson's other eye, but there's no chance for him until then, and well he knows it."

"How can Lord Nelson know what he is doing?" I asked.

The man pointed out over my shoulder into the darkness, and far on the horizon I perceived three little twinkling lights.

"Watch-dog," said he, in his husky voice.

"'Andromeda'—forty-four," added his companion.

I have often thought of them since—the lurid glow upon the land and the three little lights upon the sea, standing for so much, for the two great rivals face to face, for the power of the water, for the century-old battle which may last for centuries to come. And yet, Frenchman as I am, do I not know that the struggle is already decided? for it lies between the childless nation and that which has a lusty young brood springing up around her.

The land had been looming darker and the thudding of the waves upon the sand sounded louder every instant upon my ears. I could already see the quick dancing gleam of the surf in front of me. Suddenly as I peered through the deepening shadow a long dark boat shot out from it, like a trout from under a stone, making straight in our direction.

"A guard-boat," cried one of the seamen.

"Bill, boy, we're done," said the other, and began to stuff something into his sea-boot.

But the boat swerved at the sight of us, like a shying horse, and was off in another direction as fast as eight frantic oars could drive her. The seamen stared after her and wiped their brows. "Her conscience don't seem much easier than our own," said one of them. "I made sure it was the preventives."

"Looks to me as if you weren't the only queer cargo on the coast to-night, mister," remarked his comrade.

"Cursed if I know what she was. I rammed a cake of good Trinidad tobacco into my boot when I saw her. I've seen the inside of a French prison before now. Give way, Bill, and have it over."

A minute later, with a low grating sound, we ran ashore upon a gravelly beach. My bundle was thrown ashore, I stepped after it, and a seaman pushed the prow off again, springing in as his comrade backed her into deep water. Already the glow in the west had vanished, the storm-cloud was half-up the heavens, and a thick blackness had gathered over the ocean. As I turned to watch the vanishing boat, a keen wet blast flapped in my face and the air was filled with the high piping of the wind and with the deep thunder of the sea.



*Drawn by
Sauter.*

"A THICK BLACKNESS HAD GATHERED OVER THE OCEAN."

And thus it was that on a wild evening in the early spring of the year 1805, I, Louis de Laval, being in the twenty-first year of my age, returned after an exile of thirteen years to the country of which my family had for many centuries been the ornament and support. She had treated

us badly, this country; she had repaid our services by insult, exile and confiscation. But all that was forgotten as I, the only de Laval of the new generation, dropped upon my knees on her sacred soil and, with the strong smell of the seaweed in my nostrils, pressed my lips upon the wet and pringling gravel.

II.

THE SALT-MARSH.

When a man has reached his mature age he can rest at that point of vantage and cast his eyes back at the long road which he has traveled, lying with its gleams of sunshine and its stretches of shadow in the valley behind him. He knows then its whence and its whither, and the twists and bends which were so full of promise or of menace as he approached them lie exposed and open to his gaze. So plain is it all that he can scarce remember now how dark it once seemed to him or how long he once hesitated at the cross-roads. Thus, when he tries to recall each stage of the journey, he does so with the knowledge of its end, and can no longer make it clear, even to himself, how it may have seemed to him at the time. And yet in spite of the strain of years and the many passages which have befallen me since, there is no time of my life which comes back so very clearly as that gusty evening, and to this day I cannot catch the briny, wholesome whiff of the seaweed without being

carried back, with that intimate feeling of reality which only the sense of smell can confer, to the wet shingle of the Norman beach.

When I had risen from my knees the first thing that I did was to put my purse into the inner pocket of my coat. I had

taken it out in order to give a gold piece to the sailor who had handed me ashore, though I have little doubt that the fellow was wealthier and had more assured prospects than myself. I had actually drawn out a silver half-crown, but I could not bring myself to offer it to him, and so ended by giving a tenth part of my whole fortune to a stranger. The other nine guineas I put away very carefully, and then, sitting down upon a flat rock just above high-water mark, I turned everything over in my mind and weighed what I should do. Already I was cold and hungry, with the wind lashing my face and the spray smarting in my eyes, but at least I was no longer living upon the charity of the enemies of my country, and the thought set my heart dancing within me. But the castle was a good ten miles off. To go there now was to arrive, at an unseemly hour, unkempt and weather-stained before this uncle whom I had never seen. My sensitive pride conjured up a picture of the scornful faces of his servants as they looked out upon this bedraggled wanderer from England, slinking back to the castle which should have been his own. No; I must seek shelter for the night, and then at my leisure, with as fair a show of appearances as possible, I must present myself before my relative. Where then could I find a refuge from the storm?

You will ask me, doubtless, why I did not make for Étapes or Boulogne. I answer that it was for the same reason which forced me to land secretly upon that forbidding coast. The name of de Laval still headed the list of the proscribed, for my father had been a famous and energetic leader of the small but influential body of men who had remained true at all costs to the old order of things. Do not think because I was of another way of thinking that I despised those who had given up so much for their principles. There is a curious saint-like trait in our nature which draws us most strongly toward that which involves the greatest sacrifice, and I have sometimes thought that if the conditions had been less onerous the Bourbons might have had fewer, or at least less noble, followers. The French nobles had been more faithful to them than the English to the Stuarts, for Cromwell had no luxurious court or rich appoint-

ments which he could hold out before them. No words can exaggerate the self-abnegation of these men. I have seen a supper party under my father's roof, where our guests were two fencing masters, three professors of language, one ornamental gardener, and one translator of books, who held his hand in the front of his coat to conceal a rent in the lapel. But these eight men were of the highest nobility of race, who might have had what they chose to ask if they would only consent to forget the past and to throw themselves into the new order of things. But the humble and, what is sadder, the incapable monarch of Hartwell still held the allegiance of those old Montmorencies, de Rohans, and Choiseuls, who, having shared the greatness of his family, were determined also to stand by it in its ruin. The dark chambers of that exiled monarch were furnished with something better than the tapestry of Gobelines or the china of Sèvres. Across the gulf which separates my old age from theirs I can still see those ill-clad grave-mannered men, and I raise my hat to the noblest group of nobles that our history can show.

To visit a coast-town, therefore, before I had seen my uncle, or learned whether my return had been sanctioned, would be simply to deliver myself into the hands of the gens d'armes who were ever on the look-out for strangers from England. On the whole, it seemed to me that my best course was to wander inland, in the hope of finding some empty barn or out-house where I could pass the night unseen and undisturbed. Then in the morning I could consider how it was best for me to approach my Uncle Bernac.

The wind had freshened meanwhile into a gale and it was so dark upon the seaward side that I could only catch the white flash of a leaping wave here and there in the blackness. Of the lugger which had brought me from Dover I could see no sign. On the land side of me there seemed, as far as I could make out, to be a line of low hills, but when I came to traverse them I found that the dim light had exaggerated their size, and that they were mere scattered sand-dunes mottled with patches of bramble. Over these I toiled, with my bundle slung over my shoulder, plodding heavily through

the loose sand and tripping over the creepers, but forgetting my wet clothes and my numb hands as I recalled the many hardships and adventures which my ancestors had undergone. It amused me to think that the day might come when my own descendants would fortify themselves by the recollection of that which was happening to me, for in a great family the individual is always subordinate to the race.

It seemed to me that I would never get to the end of the sand-dunes, but when at last I did come off them, I heartily wished that I was back upon them again; for the sea in that part comes by some creek up the back of the beach, forming, at low tide, a great desolate salt-marsh which must be a forlorn place even in the daytime, but upon such a night as that it was a most dreary wilderness. At first it was but a softness of the ground, causing me to slip as I walked, but soon the mud was over my ankles and half-way up to my knees, so that each foot gave a loud flop as I raised it and a dull splash as I set it down again. I would willingly have made my way out, even if I had to return to the sand-dunes, but in trying to pick my path I had lost all my bearings, and the air was so full of the sound of the storm that the sea seemed to be on every side of me. I had heard of how one may steer oneself by observation of the stars, but my quiet English life had not taught me how such things were done, and had I known I could scarcely have profited by it, since the few stars which were visible peeped out here and there in the rifts of the flying storm-clouds. I wandered on, then, wet and weary, trusting to fortune, but always blundering deeper and deeper into this horrible bog, until I began to think that my first night in France was destined also to be my last, and that the heir of the de Laval was likely to perish of cold and hunger in the depths of this obscure morass.

I must have toiled for many miles in this dreary fashion, sometimes coming upon shallower mud and sometimes upon deeper, but never making my way onto the dry, when I perceived through the gloom something which turned my heart even heavier than it had been before. This was a curious clump of some whitish shrub—cotton-grass of a flowering

variety—which glimmered suddenly before me in the darkness. Now an hour earlier I had passed just such a square-headed whitish clump, so that I was confirmed in the opinion which I had already begun to form, that I was wandering in a circle. To make it certain I stooped down, striking a momentary flash from my tinder-box, and there, sure enough, was my own old track, very clearly marked in the brown mud in front of me. At this confirmation of my worst fears I threw my eyes up to heaven in my despair, and there I saw something which for the first time gave me a clue in the uncertainty which surrounded me.

It was nothing else than a glimpse of the moon between two floating clouds. This in itself might have been of small avail to me, but over its white face was marked a long thin V, which shot swiftly across like a shaftless arrow. It was a flock of wild ducks and their flight was in the same direction as that toward which my face was turned. Now I had observed in Kent how all these creatures come further inland whenever there is rough weather breaking, so I had no doubt that their course indicated the path which would lead me away from the sea. I struggled on, therefore, taking every precaution to walk in a straight line, above all being very careful to make a stride of equal length with either leg, until at last, after half an hour or so, my perseverance was rewarded by the welcome sight of a little yellow light, as from a cottage window, glimmering through the darkness. Ah, how it shone through my eyes and down into my heart, glowing and twinkling there, that little golden speck which meant food and rest and life itself to the wanderer. I blundered toward it through the mud and the slush as fast as my weary legs would bear me. I was too cold and miserable to refuse any shelter, and I had no doubt that for the sake of one of my gold pieces the fisherman or peasant who lived in this strange situation would shut his eyes to whatever might be suspicious in my presence or appearance.

As I approached it seemed more and more wonderful that any one should live there at all, for the bog grew worse rather than better, and in the occasional gleams of moonshine I could make out that the water lay in glimmering pools all around

the low dark cottage from which the light was breaking. I could see now that it shone through a small square window. As I approached the gleam was suddenly obscured, and there in a yellow frame appeared the round black outline of a man's face peering out into the darkness. A second time it appeared before I reached the cottage, and there was something in the stealthy manner in which it peeped and whisked away and peeped once more, which filled me with surprise and with a certain vague apprehension.

So cautious were the movements of this sentinel and so singular the position of his watch-house, that I determined, in spite of my misery, to see something more of him before I trusted myself to the shelter of his roof. And, indeed, the amount of shelter which I might hope for was not very great, for as I drew softly nearer I could see that the light from within was beating through at several points and that the whole cottage was in the most crazy state of disrepair. For a moment I paused, thinking that even the salt-marsh might be a safer resting place for the night than the headquarters of some desperate smuggler, for such I conjectured that this lonesome dwelling must be. The scud, however, had covered the moon once more, and the darkness was so pitchy-black that I felt that I might reconnoiter a little more closely without fear of discovery. Walking on tiptoe, I approached the little window and looked in.

What I saw reassured me vastly. A small wood fire was crackling in one of those old-fashioned country grates, and beside it was seated a strikingly handsome young man who was reading earnestly out of a fat little book. He had an oval olive-tinted face, with long black hair gathered in a queue, and there was something of the poet or of the artist in his whole appearance. The sight of that refined face and of the warm, cheery fire-light which beat upon it was a very cheering one to a cold and famished traveler. I stood for an instant gazing at him and noticing the way in which his full and somewhat loose-fitting lower lip quivered continually, as if he were repeating that which he was reading. I was still looking at him when he put his book down upon the table and approached the win-

dow. Catching a glimpse of me in the darkness, he waved his hand in a gesture of welcome. An instant later the door flew open, and there was his thin figure standing upon the threshold, with his skirts flapping in the wind.

"My dear friends," he cried, peering out with his hand over his eyes, "I had given you up. I thought that you were never coming. I've been waiting for two hours."

For answer I stepped out in front of him so that the light fell upon my face.

"I am afraid, sir—" said I.

But I had no time to finish my sentence. He struck at me with both hands, like an angry cat, and, springing back into the room, he slammed the door in my face.

The swiftness of his movements and the malignity of his gesture were in such singular contrast with his appearance, that I was struck speechless with surprise. But as I stood there with the door in front of me I was a witness to something which filled me with even greater astonishment.

I have already said that the cottage was in the last stage of disrepair. Amidst the many seams and cracks through which the light was breaking there was one along the whole of the hinge-side of the door, which gave me, from where I was standing, a view of the further end of the room, at which the fire was burning. As I gazed, then, I saw this man reappear in front of the fire, fumbling furiously with both his hands in his bosom, and then, with a spring, he disappeared up the chimney, so that I could only see his shoes and half of his black calves as he stood upon the brickwork at the side of the grate. In an instant he was down again and back at the door.

"Who are you?" he cried, in a voice which seemed to me to be thrilling with some strong emotion.

"I am a traveler and have lost my way."

"You will find little here to tempt you to stay."

"I am weary and spent, sir, and surely you will not refuse me shelter. I have been wandering for hours in this salt-marsh."

"Did you meet any one?" he asked eagerly.

"No."

"Stand back a little from the door. This is a wild place and the times are troublous. A man must take some precautions."

I took a few steps back and he then opened the door sufficiently to allow his head to come through. He said nothing but he looked at me for a long time in a very searching manner.

"What is your name?"

"Louis Laval," said I, thinking that it might sound less dangerous in this plebeian form.

"Whither are you going?"

"I wish to reach some shelter."

"You are from England?"

"I am from the coast."

He shook his head slowly, to show me how little my replies had satisfied him.

"You cannot come in here," said he.

"But surely——"

"No, no; it is impossible."

"Show me then how to find my way out of the marsh."

"It is easy enough. If you go a few hundred paces in that direction you will perceive the lights of a village. You are already almost free of the marsh."

He stepped a pace or two from the door in order to point the way for me, and then turned upon his heel. I had already taken a few strides away from him and his inhospitable hut when he suddenly called after me.

"Come, Monsieur Laval," said he, "I really cannot permit you to leave me upon so tempestuous a night. A warm by my fire and a glass of brandy will hearten you upon your way."

You may be sure that I did not feel disposed to contradict him.

"I am much obliged to you, sir," said I.

And I followed him into the hut.

III.

THE RUINED COTTAGE.

It was delightful to see the glow and twinkle of the fire and to escape from the wet wind and the numbing cold, but my curiosity had already risen so high about this lonely man and his singular dwelling, that my thoughts ran rather upon that than upon my personal comfort. There was his remarkable appearance, the fact that he should be awaiting company



Drawn by Sauter.

"I FOLLOWED HIM INTO THE HUT."

within that miserable morass at so sinister an hour, and, finally, the inexplicable incident of the chimney—all of which excited my imagination. It was beyond my comprehension why he should at one moment charge me sternly to continue my journey, and then, in almost the same breath, invite me most cordially to seek the shelter of his hut. On all these points I was keenly on the alert for an explanation; yet I endeavored to conceal my feelings and to assume the air of a man who finds everything quite natural about him and who is much too absorbed in his own personal wants to have a thought to spare upon anything outside himself.

A glance at the inside of the cottage as I entered confirmed me in the conjecture which the appearance of the outside had already given rise to, that it was not used for human residence and that this man was only here for a rendezvous. Prolonged moisture had peeled the plaster in flakes from the walls and had covered the stones with blotches and rosettes of lichen. The single large room was unfurnished save for a crazy table, three wooden boxes which might be used as seats, and a great pile of decayed fishing net in the corner. The splinters of a fourth box, with a hand-ax which leaned against the wall, showed how the wood for the fire had been gathered. But it was to the table that my gaze was chiefly drawn, for there, beside the lamp and the book, lay an open basket from which projected the knuckle-end of a ham, the corner of a loaf of bread, and the neck of a black bottle.

If my host had been suspicious and cold at our first meeting, he was now atoning for his inhospitality by an overdone cordiality even harder for me to explain. With many lamentations upon my mudstained and sodden condition, he drew a box close to the blaze and cut me off a portion of the bread and ham. I could not help observing, however, that, though his loose-underlipped mouth was wreathed with smiles, his beautiful dark eyes were continually running over me and my attire, asking and reasking what my business might be.

"As for myself," said he, with an air of false candor, "you will very well understand that in these days a worthy merchant must do the best he can to get

his wares, and if the emperor, God save him, sees fit in his wisdom to put an end to open trade, one must come to such places as these to get into touch with those who bring across the coffee and the tobacco. I promise you that in the Tuileries itself there is no difficulty about getting either one or the other, and the emperor drinks his ten cups a day of the real Mocha without asking questions, though he must know that it is not grown within the confines of France. The vegetable kingdom still remains one of the few which Napoleon has not yet conquered, and if it were not for traders who are at some risk and inconvenience, it is hard to say what we should do for our supplies. I suppose, sir, that you are not yourself either in the seafaring or in the trading line?"

I contented myself by answering that I was not, by which reticence I could see that I only excited his curiosity the more. As to his account, I read a lie in those tell-tale eyes all the time that he was talking. As I looked at him now in the full light of the lamp and the fire, I could see that he was even more good-looking than I had at first thought, but with a type of beauty which has never been to my taste. His features were so refined as to be almost effeminate, and so regular that they would have been perfect if it had not been for that ill-fitting, slapping mouth. It was a clever and yet it was a weak face, full of a sort of faint enthusiasm and feeble impulsiveness. I felt that the more I knew him the less reason I should probably find either to like him or to fear him.

"You will forgive me if I was a little cold at first," said he. "Since the emperor has been upon the coast the place swarms with police agents, so that a trader must look to his own interests. You will allow that my fears of you were not unnatural, since neither your dress nor appearance is such as one would expect to meet with in such a place and at such a time."

It was on my lips to return the remark, but I refrained.

"I can assure you," said I, "that I am merely a traveler who has lost his way. Now that I am refreshed and rested, I will not encroach further upon your hospitality."

"Tut! you had better stop where you



Drawn by Sauber.

HE LOOKED EARNESTLY OUT OF THE WINDOW.

are, for the night grows wilder every instant." As he spoke there came a whoop and scream of wind in the chimney, as if the old place were coming down about our ears. He walked across to the window and looked very earnestly out of it, just as I had seen him do upon my first approach. "The fact is, Monsieur Laval," said he, looking round at me with his false air of good-fellowship, "you may be of some service to me if you will wait here for half an hour."

"How so?" I asked, wavering between my distrust and my curiosity.

"Well, to be frank with you, I am waiting here for some of those people with whom I do business, but in some way they have not come yet, and I am inclined to take a walk round the marsh on the chance of finding them, if they have lost their way. On the other hand, it would be exceedingly awkward if they were to come here in my absence and imagine that I am gone. I should take it as a favor, then, if you would remain here for half an hour, so that you may tell them how matters stand if I should chance to miss them."

The request seemed reasonable enough, and yet there was that same oblique glance which told me that it was false. Still I could not see what harm could come to me by complying with his request, and certainly I could not have devised any arrangement which would give me such an opportunity of satisfying my curiosity. What was up that wide stone chimney and why had he clambered up there upon the sight of me? My adventure would be inconclusive indeed if I did not settle that point before I went on with my journey.

"Well," said he, snatching up his black broad-brimmed hat and running very briskly to the door, "I am sure that you will not refuse me my request, and I must delay no longer or I shall never get my business finished." He closed the door hurriedly behind him, and I heard the splashing of his footsteps until they were lost in the howling of the gale.

And so the mysterious cottage was mine to ransack if I could pluck its secret from it. I lifted the book which had been left upon the table. It was Rousseau's "Social Contract"—excellent lit-

erature, but hardly what one would expect a trader to carry with him while awaiting an appointment with smugglers. On the fly-leaf was written, "Lucien Lesage," and beneath it, in a woman's hand, "Lucien, from Sibylle." Lesage then was the name of my good-looking acquaintance. It only remained for me now to discover what it was which he had concealed up the chimney. I listened intently, and as there was no sound from without save the cry of the storm, I stepped onto the edge of the grate, as I had seen him do, and sprang up by the side of the fire.

It was a very broad old-fashioned cottage chimney, so that, standing on one side, I was not inconvenienced either by the heat or by the smoke, and the bright glare from below showed me in an instant that for which I sought. There was a recess at the back, caused by the fall or removal of one of the stones, and in this was lying a small bundle. There could be no doubt that it was this which the fellow had striven so frantically to conceal upon the first signs of the approach of a stranger. I took it down and held it to the light.

It was a small square of yellow glazed cloth tied round with white tape. Upon my opening it a number of letters appeared and a single large paper folded up. The addresses upon the letters took my breath away. The first that I glanced at was to Citizen Talleyrand, without mention of his new Napoleonic title of Prince of Benevento. The others were in the same way addressed to Citizen Fouché, to Citizen Soult, to Citizen MacDonald, to Citizen Berthier, and so on through the whole list of famous names in war and in diplomacy who were the pillars of the new empire. What in the world could this pretended merchant of coffee have to write about to all these great notables? The other paper would explain it all, no doubt. I laid the letters upon the shelf and unfolded the paper which had been enclosed with them. It did not take more than the opening sentence to convince me that the salt-marsh outside might prove to be a very much safer place than this accursed cottage.

These were the words which met my eyes:

"FELLOW-CITIZENS OF FRANCE—The deed of to-day has proved that even in

the midst of his troops a tyrant is unable to escape the vengeance of an outraged people. The Committee of Three, acting temporarily for the republic, has awarded to Buonaparte the same fate which has already befallen Louis Capet. In avenging the outrage of the 18th Brumaire——"

So far I had got when my heart sprang suddenly into my mouth and the paper fluttered down from my fingers. A grip of iron had closed tightly round each of my ankles, and there, in the light of the fire, I saw two hands which, even in that terrified glance, I perceived to be covered with black hair and of an enormous size.

"So, my friend," cried a thundering voice; "this time, at least, we have been too many for you."

IV.

MEN OF THE NIGHT.

I had little time given me to realize the extraordinary and humiliating position in which I found myself, for I was lifted up by my ankles, as if I were a child, and jerked roughly down into the room, my back striking upon the stone floor with a thud which shook the breath out of my body.

"Don't kill him yet, Toussac," said a voice. "Let us make sure who he is, first."

I felt the pressure of a thumb upon my chin and of fingers upon my throat, and my head was slowly forced round until the strain became unbearable.

"Quarter of an inch does it and no mark," said the thunderous voice. "You can trust my old turn."

"Don't, Toussac, don't!" said the same voice which had spoken before. "I saw you do it once before, and the horrible snick that it made haunted me for a long time. To think that the sacred flame of life can be so readily snuffed out by that great material finger and thumb! Mind can indeed conquer matter, but the fighting must not be at close quarters."

"The fact remains, my dear Charles, that the fellow has our all-important secret, and that it is our lives or his." I recognized in the voice which was speaking that of the man of the cottage. "We owe it to ourselves to put it out of his power to harm us. Let him sit up, Tous-

sac, for there is no possibility of his escaping."

Some irresistible force at the back of my neck dragged me instantly into a sitting position, and so for the first time I was able to look round me in a dazed fashion, and to see the men into whose hands I had fallen. That they were murderers in the past and had murderous plans for the future, I already gathered from what I had heard and seen. I understood also that in the heart of that lonely marsh I was absolutely in their power. None the less I remembered the name that I bore, and I concealed, as far as I could, the sickening terror which lay at my heart.

There were three of them in the room, my former acquaintance and two newcomers. Lesage stood by the table with his fat brown book in his hand, looking at me with a composed face, but with that humorous questioning twinkle in his eyes which a master chess-player might assume when he had left his opponent without a move. On the top of the box beside him sat a very ascetic hollow-eyed man of fifty, with prim lips and a shrunken skin which hung loosely over the long jerking tendons under his prominent chin. He was dressed in snuff-colored clothes and his legs under his knee-breeches were of a ludicrous thinness. He shook his head at me with an air of sad wisdom, and I could read little comfort in his inhuman gray eyes. But it was the man called Toussac who alarmed me most. He was a colossus, bulky rather than tall, but misshapen from his excess of muscle. His huge legs were crooked like those of a great ape, and indeed there was something animal about his whole appearance, for he was bearded up to his eyes, and it was a paw rather than a hand which still clutched me by the collar. As to his expression, he was too thatched with hair to show one, but his large black eyes looked with a sinister questioning from me to the others. If they were judge and jury, it was clear who was to be executioner.

"Where did he come from? How came he to know the hiding-place?" asked the thin man.

"When he first came I mistook him for you, in the darkness," Lesage answered. "You will acknowledge that it

was a night on which one would not expect to meet many people in the salt-marsh. On discovering my mistake I shut the door and concealed the papers. I had forgotten that he might see me do this through that crack by the hinges, but when I went out again to show him his way and so get rid of him, my eye caught the gap, and I at once realized that he had seen my action, and that it must have aroused his curiosity to such an extent that it would be quite certain he would again think and speak of it. I called him back into the hut, therefore, in order that I might have time to consider what I had best do with him."

"Sapristi! a couple of cuts of that wood-ax and a bed in the softest corner of the marsh would have settled the business at once," said the fellow by my side.

"Quite true, my good Toussac, but it is not usual to lead off with your ace of trumps. A little delicacy—a little finesse—"

"Let us hear what you did, then?"

"It was my first object to learn whether this man Laval—"

"What did you say his name was?" cried the thin man.

"His name, according to his account, is Laval. My first object then was to find out whether he had in truth seen me conceal the papers or not. It was an important question for us, and, as things have turned out, more important still for him. I made my little plan, therefore. I waited until I saw you approach and I then left him alone in the hut. I watched through the window and saw him fly to the hiding-place. We then entered, and I asked you, Toussac, to be good enough to lift him down—and there he lies."

The young fellow looked proudly around for the applause of his comrades, and the thin man clapped his hands softly together.

"My dear Lesage," said he, "you have certainly excelled yourself. When our new republic looks for its officer of police, we shall know where to find him. I confess that when, after guiding Toussac to this shelter, I followed you in and perceived a gentleman's legs projecting from the fireplace, even my wits, which are usually none of the slowest, hardly grasped the situation. Toussac, however, grasped

the legs. He is always practical, the good Toussac."

"Enough words!" growled the hairy creature beside me. "It is because we have talked instead of acting that this Buonaparte has a crown upon his head or a head upon his shoulders. Let us have done with him and come to business."

The refined features of Lesage made me look toward him as a possible protector, but his large dark eyes were as cold and hard as jet as he looked back at me.

"What Toussac says is right," said he. "We imperil our own safety if he goes with our secret."

"The devil take our own safety!" cried Toussac; "what has that to do with the matter? We imperil the success of our plans—that is what is of importance."

"The two things go together," replied Lesage. "There is no doubt that rule thirteen of our confederation defines exactly what should be done in such a case. Any responsibility must rest with rule thirteen."

My heart had turned cold when this man with his poet's face supported the savage at my side. But my hopes were raised again when the thin man, who had said little hitherto, began now to show signs of alarm at the bloodthirsty proposals of his comrades.

"My dear Lucien," said he in a soothing voice, "we philosophers and reasoners must have a respect for human life. The tabernacle is not to be lightly violated. We have frequently agreed that if it were not for the excesses of Marat—"

"I have every respect for your opinion, Charles," the other interrupted. "You will allow that I have always been a willing and obedient disciple. But I again say that our own personal safety is involved, and that, as far as I see, there is no middle course. No one could be more averse to cruelty than I am, but you were present with me when Toussac silenced the man from Bow street, and certainly it was done with such dexterity that the process was probably more painful to the spectators than to the victim. He could not have been aware of the horrible sound which announced his own dissolution. If you and I had constancy enough to endure this—and if I remember right it was chiefly at your instigation that the deed

was done—then surely on this more vital occasion—"

"No, no, Toussac; stop!" cried the thin man, his voice rising to a perfect scream, as the giant's hairy hand gripped me by the chin once more. "I appeal to you, Lucien, upon practical as well as upon moral grounds, not to let this deed be done. Consider that if things should go against us, this will cut us off from all hopes of mercy. Consider also—"

This argument seemed for a moment to stagger the younger man, whose olive complexion had turned a shade grayer.

"There will be no hope for us in any case, Charles," said he. "We have no choice but to obey rule thirteen."

"Some latitude is allowed to us. We are ourselves upon the inner committee."

"But it takes a quorum to change a rule and we have no power to do it." His pendulous lip was quivering, but there was no softening in his eyes. Slowly under the pressure of those cruel fingers my chin began to sweep round to my shoulder, and I commended my soul to the Virgin and to Saint Ignatius, who has always been the especial patron of my family. But this man Charles, who had already befriended me, darted forward and began to tear at Toussac's fingers with a vehemence which was very different to his former philosophic calm.

"You shall not kill him," he cried angrily. "Who are you, to set your wills up against mine? Let him go, Toussac! Take your thumb from his chin! I won't have it done, I tell you!" Then as he saw by the inflexible faces of his companions that blasting would not help him, he turned suddenly to tones of entreaty.

"See, now, I'll make you a promise," said he. "Listen to me, Lucien. Let me examine him. If he is a police spy he shall die! You may have him then, Toussac. But if he is only a harmless traveler who has blundered in here by an evil chance, and who has been led by a foolish curiosity to enquire into our business, then you will leave him to me."

You will observe that from the beginning of this affair I had never once opened my mouth, or said a word in my defense; which made me mightily pleased with myself afterward, though my silence came

rather from pride than from courage. To lose life and self-respect together was more than I could face. But now, at this appeal from my advocate, I turned my eyes from the monster who held me to the other who condemned me. The brutality of the one alarmed me less than the self-interested attitude of the other, for a man is never so dangerous as when he is afraid, and of all judges, the judge who has cause to fear you is the most inflexible.

My life depended upon the answer which was to come to the appeal of my champion. Lesage tapped his fingers upon his teeth, and smiled indulgently at the earnestness of his companion.

"Rule thirteen! Rule thirteen!" he kept repeating, in that soft, exasperating voice of his.

"I will take all responsibility."

"I'll tell you what, mister," said Toussac, in his savage voice, "there's another rule besides rule thirteen, and that's the rule that says that if any man shelters an offender he shall be treated as if he himself was guilty."

This attack did not shake the serenity of my champion in the least.

"You are an excellent man of action, Toussac," said he calmly, "but when it comes to choosing the right course, you must leave it to wiser heads than your own."

His air of tranquil superiority seemed to daunt the fierce creature who held me. He shrugged his huge shoulders in silent dissent.

"As to you, Lucien," my friend continued, "I am surprised, considering the position to which you aspire in my family, that you should for an instant stand in the way of any wish which I may express. If you have grasped the true principles of liberty, and if you are privileged to be one of the small band who have never despaired of the republic, to whom is it that you owe it?"

"Yes, yes, Charles; I acknowledge what you say," the young man answered, with much agitation. "I am sure that I would be the last to oppose any wish which you might express, but in this case I fear lest



Drawn by Sauber.

"IT WAS CLEAR WHO WAS TO BE EXECUTIONER."

your tenderness of heart may be leading you astray. By all means ask him any questions that you like, but it seems to me that there can be only one end to the matter."

So I thought also, for with the full secret of these desperate men in my possession, what hope was there that they would ever suffer me to leave the hut alive? And yet so sweet is human life and so dear a respite, be it ever so short a one, that when that murderous hand was taken from my chin I heard a sudden chiming of little bells and the lamp blazed up into a strange fantastic blur. It was but for a moment, and then my mind was clear again, and I was looking up into the strange gaunt face of my examiner.

"Whence have you come?" he asked.

"From England."

"But you are French?"

"Yes."

"When did you arrive?"

"To-night."

"How?"

"In a lugger from Dover."

"The fellow is speaking the truth," growled Toussac. "Yes, I'll say that for him that he is speaking the truth. We saw the lugger and some one was landed from it just after the boat that brought me over pushed off."

I remembered that boat which had been the first thing I had seen upon the coast of France. How little I had thought what it would mean to me.

And now my advocate began asking questions, vague, useless questions, in a slow, hesitating fashion which set Toussac grumbling. This cross-examination appeared to me to be a useless farce, and yet there was a certain eagerness and intensity in my questioner's manner which gave me the assurance that he had some end in view. Was it merely that he wished to gain time? Time for what? And then suddenly, with that quick perception which comes upon those whose nerves are strained by an extremity of danger, I became convinced that he really was awaiting something—that he was tense with expectation. I read it upon his drawn face, upon his sidelong head with his ear scooped into his hand, above all in his twitching, restless eyes. He expected an interruption and he was talk-

ing, talking, talking, in order to gain time for it. I was as sure of it as if he had whispered his secret in my ear, and down in my numb, cold heart a warm little spring of hope began to bubble and run.

But Toussac had chafed at all this word-fencing, and now with an oath he broke in upon our dialogue.

"I have had enough of this," he cried.

"It is not for child's play of this sort that I risked my head in coming over here. Have we nothing better to talk about than this fellow? Do you suppose I came from London to listen to your fine phrases? Have done with it and get to business."

"Very good," said my champion.

"There's an excellent little cupboard here which makes as fine a prison as one could wish for. Let us put him in here, and pass on to business. We can deal with him when we have finished."

"And have him overhear all that we say," said Lesage.

"I don't know what the devil has come over you," cried Toussac, turning suspicious eyes upon my protector. "I never knew you squeamish before, and certainly you were not backward in the affair of the man from Bow street. This fellow has our secret, and either he must die or we shall see him in the witness-box. What is the sense of arranging a plot and then at the last moment turning a man loose who will ruin us all? Let us break his neck and have done with it."

The great hairy hands were stretched toward me again, but Lesage had sprung suddenly to his feet. His face had turned very white and he stood listening with his forefinger up and his head slanted. It was a long, thin delicate hand, and it was quivering like a leaf in the wind.

"I heard something," he whispered.

"And I," said the older man.

"What was it?"

"Silence! Listen!"

For a minute or more we all stayed with straining ears, while the wind still whimpered in the chimney or rattled the crazy window.

"It was nothing," said Lesage at last, with a nervous laugh, "the storm makes curious sounds sometimes."

"I heard nothing," said Toussac.

"Hush!" cried the other; "there it is again!"

A clear rising cry floated high above the wailing of the storm—a wild musical cry, beginning on a low note and thrilling swiftly up to a keen, sharp-edged howl.

"A hound!"

"A bloodhound!"

Lesage dashed to the fireplace, and I saw him thrust his papers into the blaze and grind them down with his heel.

Toussac seized the wood-ax which leaned against the wall. The thin man dragged the pile of decayed netting from the corner and opened a small wooden screen which shut off a low recess.

"In here!" he whispered. "Quick!"

And then, as I scrambled into my refuge, I heard him say to the others that I would be safe there and that they could lay their hands upon me whenever they wished.

V.

BLOODHOUNDS.

The cupboard—for it was little more—into which I had been hurried was low and narrow, and I felt in the darkness that it was heaped with peculiar round wicker-work baskets, the nature of which I could by no means imagine, although I discovered afterward that they were lobster traps. The only light which entered was through the cracks of the old broken door, but these were so wide and so numerous that I could see the whole of the room which I had just quit. Sick and faint, with the shadow of death still clouding my wits, I was none the less fascinated by the scene which lay before me.

My thin friend, with the same prim composure upon his emaciated face; had seated himself again upon the box. With his hands clasped round one of his knees he was rocking slowly backward and forward, and I noticed in the lamplight that his jaw-muscles were contracting rhythmically, like the gills of a fish. Beside him stood Lesage, his white face glistening with moisture and his loose lip quivering with fear. Every now and then he would make a vigorous attempt to compose his features, but after each rally a fresh wave of terror would sweep everything before it and set him shaking once more. As to Toussac, he stood before the fire, a magnificent figure, with the ax held

down by his leg, and his head thrown back in defiance, so that his great black beard bristled straight out in front of him. He said not a word, but every fiber of his body was braced for a struggle. Then, as the howl of the hound rose louder and clearer from the marsh outside, he ran forward and threw open the door.

"No, no; keep the dog out!" cried Lesage, in an agony of apprehension.

"You fool; our only chance is to kill it."

"But it is in leash."

"If it is in leash nothing can save us. But if, as I think, it is running free, then we may escape yet."

Lesage cowered up against the table, with his agonized eyes fixed upon the blue-black square of the door. The man who had befriended me still swayed his body about, with a singular half-smile upon his face. His skinny hand was twitching at the frill of his shirt, and I conjectured that he held some weapon concealed there. Toussac stood between them and the open door, and much as I feared and loathed him, I could not take my eyes from his gallant figure. As to myself, I was so much occupied by the singular drama before me, and by the impending fate of these three men of the cottage, that all thought of my own fortunes had passed completely out of my mind. On this mean stage a terrible, all-absorbing drama was to be played, and I, crouching in a squalid recess, was to be the sole spectator of it. I could but hold my breath and wait and watch.

And suddenly I became conscious that they could all three see something which was invisible to me. I read it from their tense faces and their staring eyes. Toussac swung his ax over his shoulder and poised himself for a blow. Lesage cowered away and put one hand between his eyes and the open door. The other ceased swinging his spindle legs and sat like a little brown image on the edge of the table. There was a moist pattering of feet, a yellow streak shot through the doorway, and Toussac lashed at it as I have seen an English cricketer strike at a ball. His aim was true, for he buried the head of the hatchet in the creature's throat, but the force of the blow shattered his weapon and the weight of the hound carried him backward onto the floor.

Over they rolled and over, the hairy man and the hairy dog, growling and worrying in a bestial combat. He was fumbling at the animal's throat, and I could not see what he was doing, until the dog gave a sudden sharp yelp of pain, and there was a rending sound like the tearing of canvas. The man staggered up with his hands dripping, and the tawny mass with the blotch of crimson lay motionless upon the floor.

"Now!" cried Toussac; "now!" and he rushed from the hut.

Lesage had shrunk away into the corner in a frenzy of fear while Toussac had been killing the hound, but now he raised his agonized face, which was as wet as if dipped into a basin of water.

"Yes, yes," he cried; "we must fly, Charles. The hound has left the police behind and we may still escape."

But the other, with the same imperturbable face, motionless save for the rhythm of his jaw-muscles, walked quietly over and closed the door upon the inside.

"I think, friend Lucien," said he, "that you had best stay where you are."

Lesage looked at him, amazement gradually replacing terror upon his pallid features.

"But you do not understand, Charles," he cried.

"Oh, yes, I think I do," said the other.

"They may be here in a few minutes. The hound has slipped its leash, you see, and has left them behind in the marsh, but they are sure to come here, for there is no other cottage but this."

"They are sure to come here."

"Well, then, let us fly! In the darkness we may yet escape."

"No; we shall stay where we are."

"Madman! you may sacrifice your own life, but not mine. Stay if you wish, but for my part I am going."

He ran toward the door with a foolish, helpless flapping of his hands, but the other sprang in front of him with so determined a gesture of authority that the younger man staggered back from it as from a blow.

"You fool!" said his companion; "you poor miserable dupe!"

Lesage's mouth opened and he stood staring with his knees bent and his spread-fingered hands up, the most hideous picture of fear that I have ever seen.

"You, Charles; you!" he stammered, hawking up each word.

"Yes; me," said the other, smiling grimly.

"A police agent all the time!—you who were the very soul of our society! you who were in our inmost council! you who led us on! Oh, Charles, you have not the heart! I think I hear them coming, Charles! Let me past; I beg and implore you to let me past."

The granite face shook slowly from side to side.

"But why me? Why not Toussac?"

"If the dog had crippled Toussac, why then I might have had you both. But friend Toussac is rather vigorous for a thin little fellow like me. No, no, my good fellow; you are destined to be a trophy of my bow and my spear, and you must reconcile yourself to the fact."

Lesage slapped his forehead as if to assure himself that he was not dreaming.

"A police agent," he repeated; "Charles a police agent!"

"I thought it would surprise you."

"But you were the most republican of us all. We were none of us advanced enough for you. How often have we gathered round you, Charles, to listen to your philosophy! And there is Sibylle too! Don't tell me that Sibylle was a police spy also! But you are joking, Charles. Say that you are joking!"

The man relaxed his grim features and his eyes puckered with amusement.

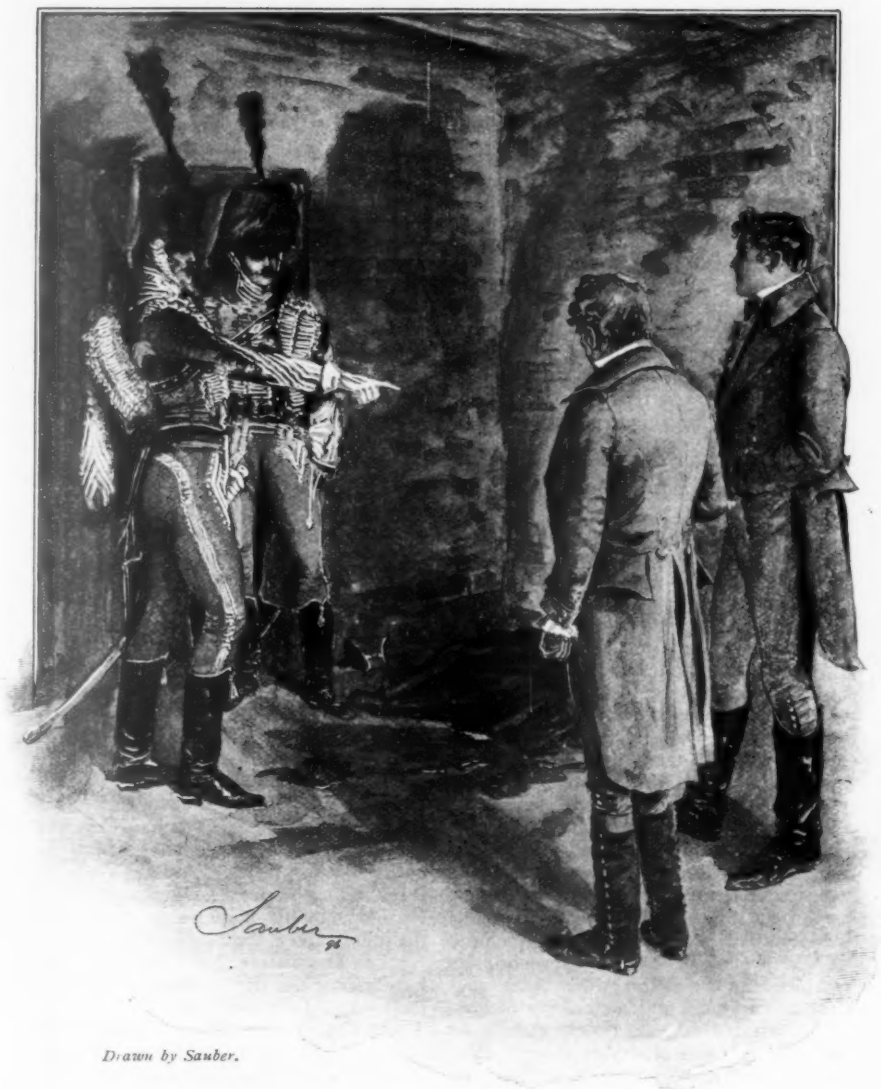
"Your astonishment is very flattering," said he. "I confess that I thought I played my part rather cleverly. It is not my fault that these bunglers unleashed their hound, but at least I shall have the credit of having made a single-handed capture of one very desperate and dangerous conspirator." He smiled drily at this description of his prisoner. "The emperor knows how to reward his friends," he added; "and also how to punish his enemies."

All this time he had held his hand in his bosom, and now he drew it out so far as to show the brass gleam of a pistol butt.

"It is no use," said he, in answer to some look in the other's eye. "You stay in the hut, alive or dead."

Lesage put his hands to his face and began to cry with loud, helpless sobbings.

"Why, you have been worse than any



Drawn by Sauber.

"'BUT WHO IS THIS?' ASKED COLONEL SAVARY."

of us, Charles," he moaned. "It was you who told Toussac to kill the man from Bow street and it was you also who set fire to the house in the Rue Basse de la Rampart. And now you turn on us!"

"I did that because I wished to be the one to throw light on it all—and at the proper moment."

"That is very fine, Charles, but what will be thought about that when I make it all public in my own defense? How can you explain all that to your emperor? There is still time to prevent my telling all that I know about you."

"Well, really, I think that you are right, my friend," said the other, drawing out his pistol and cocking it. "Perhaps I *did* go a little beyond my instructions in one or two points. It is a matter of detail whether I give you up living or give you up dead—and I think that on the whole it had better be dead."

It had been horrible to see Toussac tear open the throat of the hound, but it had not made my flesh creep as it crept now. Pity was mingled with my disgust for this unfortunate young man, who had been fitted by nature for the life of a retired student or of a dreaming poet, but who had been dragged by stronger wills than his own into a part which no child could be more incapable of playing. I forgave him the trick by which he had caught me and the selfish fears to which he had been willing to sacrifice me. He had flung himself down upon the ground and floundered about in a convulsion of terror, while his terrible little companion, with his cynical smile, stood over him with his pistol in his hand. He played with the helpless, panting coward as a cat might with a mouse; but I read in his inexorable eyes that it was no jest, and his finger seemed to be already tightening upon the trigger. Full of horror at so coldblooded a murder, I pushed open the cupboard door and had rushed out to plead for the victim, when there came a buzz of voices and a clanking of steel from without. With a stentorian shout of "In the name of the emperor!" a single violent wrench tore the door of the hut from its hinges.

It was still blowing hard, and through the open doorway I could see a thick cluster of mounted men, with plumes slanted and mantles flapping, the rain

shining upon their shoulders. At the side the light from the hut struck upon the heads of two beautiful horses and upon the heavy red-toupéed busbies of the hussars who stood at their heads. In the doorway stood another hussar—a man of high rank, as could be seen from the richness of his dress and the distinction of his bearing. He was booted to the knees, with a uniform of light blue and silver which his tall, slim, light cavalry figure suited to a marvel. I could not but admire the way in which he carried himself, for he never deigned to draw the sword which shone at his side, but he stood in the doorway, glancing round the blood-bespattered hut and staring at its occupants with a very cool and alert expression. He had a handsome face, pale and clear-cut, with a bristling mustache which cut across the brass chin-chain of his busby.

"Well?" said he. "Well?"

The older man had put his pistol back into the breast of his brown coat.

"This is Lucien Lesage," said he.

The hussar looked with disgust at the prostrate figure upon the floor.

"A pretty conspirator," said he. "Get up, you groveling hound! Here, Gerard, take charge of him and bring him into camp."

A younger officer with two troopers at his heels came clanking into the hut, and the wretched creature, half-swooning, was dragged out into the darkness.

"Where is the other, the man called Toussac?"

"He killed the hound and escaped. Lesage would have got away also had I not prevented him. If you had kept the dog in leash we should have had them both; but as it is, Colonel Lasalle, I think that you may congratulate me." He held out his hand as he spoke, but the other turned abruptly on his heel.

"You hear that, Colonel Savary?" said he, looking out of the door. "Toussac has escaped."

A tall dark man appeared within the circle of light cast by the lamp. The agitation of his handsome swarthy face showed the effect which the news had upon him.

"Where is he then?"

"It is a quarter of an hour since he got away."

"But he is the only dangerous man of them all. The emperor will be furious. In which direction did he fly?"

"It must have been inland."

"But who is this?" asked Colonel Savary, pointing at me. "I understood from your information that there were only two, besides yourself, Monsieur——"

"I had rather no names were mentioned," said the other abruptly.

"I can well understand that," Colonel Savary answered, with a sneer.

"I would have told you that the cottage was the rendezvous, but it was not decided upon until the last moment. I gave you the means of tracking Toussac, but you let the hound slip. I certainly think that you will have to answer to the emperor for the way in which you have managed the business."

"That, sir, is our affair," said Colonel Savary sternly. "In the meantime, you have not told us who this person is."

It seemed useless for me to conceal my identity since I had a letter in my pocket which would reveal it.

"My name is Louis de Laval," said I proudly.

I may confess that I think we had exaggerated our own importance over in England. We had thought that all France was wondering whether we should return, whereas in the quick march of events France had really almost forgotten our existence. Colonel Savary was not in the least impressed by my aristocratic name, but he jotted it down in his notebook.

"Monsieur de Laval has nothing to do with the matter," said the spy. "He has blundered into it entirely by chance, and I will answer for his safe keeping in case he should be wanted."

"He will certainly be wanted," said Colonel Savary. "In the meantime, if you make yourself personally responsible

and bring him to the camp when needed, I see no objection to his remaining in your keeping. I shall send to you if I require him."

"He will be at the emperor's orders."

"Are there any papers in the cottage?"

"They have been burned."

"That is unfortunate."

"But I have duplicates."

"Excellent! Come, Lasalle, every minute counts and there is nothing to be done here. Let the men scatter and we may still ride him down."

The two tall soldiers clanked out of the cottage without taking any further notice of my companion, and I heard the sharp stern order and the jingling of metal as the troopers sprang back into their saddles once more. An instant later they were off, and I heard the dull beat of their hoofs dying rapidly into a confused murmur. My little snuff-colored champion went to the door of the hut and peered after them through the darkness. Then he came back and looked me up and down with his usual dry, sardonic smile.

"Well! young man," said he, "we have played some pretty tableaux vivants for your amusement, and you can thank me for the nice seat in the front row of the parterre."

"I am under a very deep obligation to you, sir," I answered, struggling between my gratitude and my aversion. "I hardly know how to thank you."

He looked at me with a singular expression in his ironical eyes.

"You will have your opportunity for thanking me later," said he. "In the meantime, as you say that you are a stranger upon our coast, and as I am responsible for your safe keeping, you cannot do better than follow me, and I will take you to a place where you may sleep in safety."

(To be continued.)



THE STORY OF THE FARMERS' COLLEGE.

BY MURAT HALSTEAD.

FIFTY years ago, in the Miami and Whitewater counties of Ohio and Indiana, the farms having been pretty well "opened," as the pioneers said when the trees were cut down and the stumps decaying, there was an awakening among the farmers on the subject of "getting an education." It had even been strongly recommended in the newspapers to the young people to "improve their minds." Various reasons were assigned for this, and each seemed sufficient. The farmers were weatherbeaten winter and summer, spring and fall, and it would have been no joke to call them "horny handed." They had not much money, but they did not feel poor. They had good food, and made their own clothes. As a rule they could read, write and cipher, and they had a few good books. Some of them of winter evenings struggled with Milton's "Paradise Lost," and at rare intervals Shakespeare, and survived; but "play-actor matter" was not in favor. Milton's poem was saved by the feeling that it came very near being one of the books of the Bible, and I remember for a

long time entertaining a doubt whether I was at liberty to disbelieve the supernatural that was in it. The lives of George Washington, Benjamin Franklin and Francis Marion were the volumes that imparted the greatest comfort. The overshadowing events were the late battle of New Orleans; Andrew Jackson's battle with the banks; Henry Clay's misconduct with John Quincy Adams; the cholera just from Asia by way of Canada, and the shower of meteors which occurred November 13,

1835—the night the late Edwin Booth was born—and the death of President Harrison. As for the rest, there was a consensus of judgment that Napoleon Buonaparte would have whipped the British if he had not got the worst of it in the burning of Moscow. Lord Nelson, it was believed, was a fighting man, and it was held that the Duke of Wellington had more luck than was rightly coming to him. As for the battle of Waterloo, the result was not satisfactory, and must be attributed entirely to the treason of Grouchy.

There were no railroads or telegraphs. No one had ever dreamed of anything so impossible as the telephone; but there were steamboats and lightning-rods and tall clocks. There were prints of Washington, Jackson, Napoleon, Lafayette, John Wesley and Col. Richard M. Johnson, who was alleged to have killed Tecumseh. There were no turnpikes, but there were times when the plain dirt roads were passable. Bridges were scarce, but the fords were familiar, only they changed with the freshets. There were four important men in each

village, besides the preacher and schoolmaster—the blacksmith, shoemaker, wagon maker and grocer. I think I have named them in the order of their importance—the last least, save this, that the grocer was believed to have a vast fund of knowledge of the mysteries of the world; and the world was far "away behind the moon," perhaps. There was a profound impression that the Ohio and Mississippi rivers were the roads to the world, and that the city of New Or-



MURAT HALSTEAD.



THE FARMERS' COLLEGE.

1.—Room occupied by Murat Halstead. 2.—Room occupied by Ex-President Benjamin Harrison.

leans was in it, and perhaps the capital of it.

There had been an improvement in the facilities of the farmers for reaching markets with their superfluities. The canals made a difference, and the fattening of hogs on corn and making them transport themselves to the slaughter-houses, was an improvement on hauling corn, or converting it into whiskey and hauling that. The farmers drove hogs to Cincinnati and were well paid for them. They had money and bought books and subscribed for newspapers. Atlases of the earth and the heavens were fashionable. The questions whether there were ever to be any more meteoric showers or more great men, were deeply pondered.

Each four square miles had a school-house, and it was an honor, even if one couldn't write his name, to be of a board of school directors. Those who were the most illiterate were often the most zealous and useful in educational work. "I want to give my children a better chance than I had," was the "homely expression of a happy ambition. There were old rascals who said they "did not think too much larnin' of books was good for farmin'," but they were frowned down. The young farmer did not always hanker for school, even in the winter. There were so many chores to do about the house and barn that there was little enough time to hunt for coons, rabbits, quail and squirrels, without tramping off to school with a big slate five days in the week. Besides,

what was the use, if one could do sums in the single rule of three and pick out the points in the papers, of going on worrying forever with books? There was no escape from work in the summer, and why not have some fun in the winter? In households where the parents were sensitively ambitious and had been unable to overcome the difficulties that surrounded them in youth, the intensity of the hope and intention of educating the children, that they might realize the fond, proud purposes of the former generation that had faded or been chilled, became a fierce and somber fanaticism. A woman of sorrows with her boys at her knees told them a thousand times what they might do if they would only "learn their lessons well;" how the gates opened to the educated; how the paths were smoothed for the learned; how Daniel Webster and Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson and Benjamin Franklin were poor boys and fought for time to teach themselves; how nearly all the great men had hard work to do in youth to get a chance to work in their own way when they were men, and, at last, how all at least might be good, and that it was better to be good than great. Where home was sweet, it was hard to feel that to win renown one must go far away, leaving mother and father and the old fields, and the friendly cattle and the horses and dogs that were companions; and where home was not sweet, there was not much hope.

Westward of the line drawn north from the mouth of the great Miami river,—that is in the state of Indiana,—one of the bright streams that rippled down from the wooded hills through a panorama of sycamore and were full of sun-fish, silver-sides, yellow chubs and suckers, was a cluster of half a dozen houses; and one of them, that had no steeple or bell on it, shed an influence far and near that the acutest agriculturists were provoked and puzzled to make out. A man lived there who had ways and means and views of his own. He did not call himself a reformer, but believed that if everybody agreed with him all would be better off in this world and as well off in the next. The strangest thing was, he had a small printing office and could set type. He printed a monthly newspaper and annual almanac. He called the place "Philomath," and believed in his mission and destiny. This was a most unusual outfit. Perhaps the man's most obvious failing was that he did not believe implicitly in everlasting punishment—the common word was torment—though he said it was logical and ought to be. Some of this he put in his paper, and even gave hints of it in his almanac, and people wore clouds on their brows round about him. He did not care, for he could raise potatoes and corn, and eat the product of his own patches of fruitful ground. He projected a school in which the pupils should work certain hours and study certain hours, and grow up with their minds and bodies both in good condition. There was a theory along the Indiana line—for some miles on both sides—that in order to become a real smart man it was necessary to do a great deal of brain work, which physiology had taught us was severe on the human system. I may be allowed to remark that perhaps the two greatest nuisances in the world at this time were physiology and phrenology, and the young people were subjected to the most ruthless assaults in the name of these alleged sciences. I fear the man with the printing office at Philomath, who projected a good and conquering school, was too "advanced." He must have had the experience of living before his time; and when one does that, he does not perpetually enjoy it. I have a faint idea that he did not believe the Bible sanctioned

slavery, which was well enough; but he did not care whether it did or not. Slavery was to him wrong anyhow, and that was bad for a man, especially if he had in mind an educational enterprise. At any rate, the school never materialized, and the youth who had trembled by farmers' firesides at the word "Philomath," and knew of the spectral shadows of the printing house on the landscape, that darkened even the white waters, was never summoned from the cornfield in roasting-ear time to grasp the rudiments of personal greatness.

The proprietor of Philomath, if my recollection is not at fault, developed recklessness in holding it was not a sin to believe what he thought he knew was true. And so he became a pioneer in Wisconsin.

His figure is but a dim one now. He was tall and dark, fearfully in earnest, and hoarse as if he had been crying in the wilderness. I think he journeyed far, and did something many of his fellow-creatures approved after some time. I am not sure but he became prematurely an abolitionist; but the thought may do him injustice. I *am* sure he did not build a big school-house and reform the states of Ohio and Indiana, as he had threatened; but he put strange and troublesome notions into the heads of several citizens, and they thought they were thinking at times in later years when they were not doing anything of the kind. That was the evil that lived after him. He is dead, or should be. Mark Twain once opened a speech on an anniversary occasion with the sentence: "In fifty years we shall all be dead—I trust." The printer prophet of Philomath neither writes, prints, talks, telegraphs, telephones. He is gone and, if it is a pleasure to him or any one, may his grave be always green.

* * * *

A solitary horseman, horse and man gray, might have been seen moving from farm to farm along the Ohio and Indiana line. Slow trot was the gait. The man was of serious aspect; his mouth was grim but his eyes pleasant. His whole appearance warranted the assumption that he preached or taught school. He did both. He was riding about the country because he had an idea, and

was resolved that the farmers of White-water and Miami counties should not lose anything by not hearing of it. The first rural fancy that he sold clocks or contracted for lightning-rods was soon dissipated. He was founding a college. There were plenty of colleges, but they were run on false principles. At the Butler county Oxford, and at Hanover, Gambier and Marietta, the colleges turned out lawyers, doctors and ministers! That which the age and country demanded was colleges for the attendance of farmers' sons, who would not desert the farms to enter unprofitable professional life, but return after graduation, full of knowledge of and zeal for the beautiful science of agriculture, and able to hold their own against anybody when public questions were discussed, even in the legislature. Usually it is dangerous to talk to a farmer about farming, and the solitary horseman did not have much to say of the crops. He knew enough to hold himself in reserve as to details. He had hoed corn and dug potatoes, and been the proprietor of a successful peach orchard, and there were no small "set up" ways about him. He had made a preliminary investigation of the country and knew just where the boys of from fifteen to nineteen years' growth were to be found. The districts that were agitated concerning the improvement of the mind were well known to him. He must have had a list of school directors, especially those who couldn't write their own names. When he rode up to a farmer he knew how to sympathize with him, had the correct tip as to his politics, and a few fragments of the latest news. The country is always too wet or too dry, and an expert in humidity has advantages. The education of children was introduced. The education of farmers' daughters to be farmers' wives was a secondary scheme, destined to make the hill-tops glisten with female academies. The attentive farmer would find in a few minutes that the gray man on the gray horse knew the congressman of the district and the most celebrated ministers of the gospel, and was intimate with the editors of religious newspapers. He could lead the conversation as he preferred, but presently there would be a turn in the road and the question "Well, squire, what are you going to do with



Drawn by
E. W. Kemble.

SAID TOO MUCH LARNIN' OF BOOKS WAS NOT
GOOD FOR FARMIN'.

your boys? Going to give them good schooling, I suppose? Send them to some of those high-flying colleges where they turn out drones of lawyers, and doctors, and preachers, just as though there wasn't enough of them now, and they'll be back in three or four years, ashamed of the old folks at home!" The next development was business. There was to be a new college for farmers. There was to be no mistake about it this time. The name of it was Farmers' College, and it was to be as good as its name. Every farmer was wanted to take a scholarship or two, or three; it was thirty dollars a scholarship, payable in one, two and three years, and to be taken out in tuition. The papers were transferable and just as good as stock in a bridge. At last the discovery had been made—the farmers were to be educated in an institution of their own. Success was already certain, everybody was subscribing.

There was a pamphlet touching up the whole thing, beginning by showing how faulty the college systems were, and setting forth just what was needed. There

was a farmers' college in the air. It was the theme under the shade-trees, in the harvest fields, and after sermons were over and when singing-schools were dismissed. Many an honest couple talked over their tender plans to give the boys a college education without running the risk of spoiling them for their life-work on the soil they were to inherit. The Farmers' College people were aggressive. The old style of colleges was "effete." The farmers' sons were not to be taught dead languages, but living truths. The speech of living men was good enough, and modern history was more instructive than the ancient fables. Reform in education, based on the intelligence that was close to the soil, was to be put forward with energy and in the true spirit of American institutions. The new college planted in the West, adapted to the soil and climate and people, was to be as a light shining on a hill. The scholarships were taken and there was money in the enterprise. A stately new brick building, with a chapel and literary halls, recitation-rooms and rooms for students, was, late in the forties, ready for occupancy. In letters of gold one read, "Farmers' College," and the shining words were pointed to with pride. There was an old academy and a brick row and several frame boarding houses in which there were rooms. In the near neighborhood was a female college not designed for farmers' daughters, and full of girls from the city—a disturbing element if the boys were to be educated into farmers. The city was Cincinnati, and the smoke of her industries could be seen on the southern sky. The president of the college was a man of force and earnestness. He believed and disbelieved with a vigor approaching violence. His pet abhorrence, next to whiskey, was tobacco. The hatefulness of a cigar in his sight was alarming, and a boy who chewed tobacco was a degraded and doomed loathsome and accursed being. The fervor of his patriotism and piety was impressive. Above all things he hated lying, and he was in the melting mood if bad boys told him the truth about their wickedness. When he prayed with a student it was an awful experience to that student if, as was generally the case, the subject of prayer was a sinner whose sins had found him

out. There was the Scotch professor who taught political economy and history, and whose ways were so unusual he would have been amusing if his simple dignity had not been commanding. He was the Old Doctor, and soon became the pride of the school. He had been president of the Oxford of the Miamis, but resigned because the directory disturbed the even tenor of his way. There was the professor of the pleasant voice and the genial manner, whose praise was a kind glance or word, and whose reproof was a shade of sadness. He was a gentleman who lived in a cottage. There was another professor who headed the preparatory department, and was magnetic, teaching with a dash that was telling. He could stir a boy from the nails to the hair. Other professors were deep in mathematics, and pranced before blackboards. They were men of chalk and text-books, pens, ink and paper, and technicalities.

The students, who were mustered on a rainy autumnal day in the college chapel, were nearly two hundred strong, and three fourths of them farmers, sure enough. Several of the towns had representatives, and each regarded with surprise the mass of his fellow-students who came up fresh and powerful from the fields. The mass of young men was singularly representative. How much brains there might be was a mystery, but there was no doubt of the muscular development. If the first requisite of profitable mental activity was a sound body, there was no doubt that the foundation for intellectuality had been laid broad and deep. It seemed a pity to take so many competent and cheerful laborers from the land and convert them into gloomy students drowsing over books and suffering stagnation. But then the school was for a purpose, and it was not meant that those who entered should return no more to the occupation that had bestowed upon them such physical potentiality. Many of the students came prepared to board themselves. Frugal farmers drove up with cords of wood and boxes and barrels of provisions. One young man had a supply of boiled pork sufficient for the six weeks before the holidays, or it might have held out for a year if it had not been burned for fuel, and he was also provided

with a violin that experience soon proved could be heard a great distance. It was absolutely riotous, and the fiddler was decidedly a more popular musician than a gloomy man who played the clarinet; but the prime favorite was a boy who played "bones" with two pigs' ribs in each hand. When the learned professors came to sift the material they were, as they should not have been, astonished to find that the great majority belonged in the Preparatory. The regular classes were small, but the young men who needed rubbing hard before they were placed anywhere were numerous. The brawn that had to be corralled in the Preparatory exceeded anything I have known. There were big hats, however, as well as big boots. One of the town boys made the remark, within my hearing, that a few days' hard work by skilled hair-cutters would improve the appearance of the congregation. There was only one young man in two hundred who was not gifted in hair, but the farmers wore their hirsute endowment too long.

According to the faculty there were many classes, but the classification the students made of themselves was into "fellows from the country" and "fellows from the towns." The country boys held their own in games of ball and foot races, rough practical jokes and quiet fights, and there were some lessons they learned with wonderful aptitude. There was nothing said about it, but their hair was soon trimmed. Cowhide boots heavily greased gradually disappeared; they were hard on the feet indoors. There was a change in the style of linen, and the fur caps with flaps over the ears were

discarded. Quite a number of new suits of clothes made their appearance after the holidays. The hands were troublesome; many washings were wanted to take the stiffness of toil out of the fingers and to smooth away the corrugated knuckles. Faithful work was done, however, and woolen mittens and comforters gave way to gloves and neckties. The physical force expended in pulling on gloves would have been worth something if it could have been applied to a woodpile or a grist mill. The boxes of fruit

and preserves, and jars of pickles and sweet cake and corn bread from the loved ones at home were presently discontinued. The rooms were no longer stacked with provisions, like fortresses prepared to laugh a siege to scorn. Donations of cord wood were not hailed with enthusiasm when the stock holders—the holders of the scholarships—in the college concluded to drive in and make the boys a present and see how they were getting along. There was once in a while a fugitive suspicion—banished in a moment—that the old farmers were taking an interest that was rather too intimate in the Farmers' College.

The good gray head that all men knew especially as associated with the gray horse lived in sight of the golden letters that told the tale of the college. He had become reticent, and his table was the one at which the young men who were improving their minds gladly took their meals. There were, of course, no recitations on Sundays, but the literary societies met Saturday nights, and presently became vivacious. One was the Burritt, named for the learned blacksmith, and the other the Philomathean,



Drawn by
E. W. Kemble.

THE OLD DOCTOR.

which reminded me of the printing house on the Whitewater—the Philomath. The origin of the word was obvious. There were libraries in the societies, and, curiously enough, several of the young farmers took to books. There I was introduced to the Waverley novels and read *Ivanhoe* in a trance, and we began to debate other questions than the old favorite of the country clubs—"Which has suffered the most from the white race, the negroes or the Indians?" The sermons on Sundays were very enjoyable. The president was an earnest man and he would not tolerate a slouch in the pulpit. There was a procession that entered our chapel just before the beginning of the regular exercises on Sunday that commanded all attention and moved every heart. I refer to the arrival of the young ladies from the female college—the majority of them possessed of the exquisite figures and complexions, and the saucy, innocent bearing, that has so largely captivated the world. The young farmers looked upon the stated visits of the young ladies as angels' visits, and they polished their shoes and scoured their hands, brushed their clothes and combed their hair, and wrote home for new coats and trousers of a particular pattern, accordingly. It made the boys as near happy as they ever got, to see the girls, and the girls looked demurely and not disdainfully along the solid rows of sturdy young men who were seated according to their classes, and the anxiety to advance was deepened by the flattering inspection.

The moon grew fairer as she sailed over the tops of the eastern trees, and the immortal difference in glory of the stars from each other became more and more distinct. There were occasions when the farmers' sons attended ceremonies at the female college, and it was a joy to hear the dear girls sing "Beautiful Venice" and "Roll on, Silver Moon." Patti is no longer young, but she was not born then, and she never sang as those girls did—never. Even the performances on the piano were sympathetic. Were there not flirtations? Ah, yes; but such flirting as the recording angel smiled upon. There were signals, too—white hands and glancing eyes; there were sweet stories told in the bonnets and the shawls and the way ribbons were tied; and a way of

arranging the window shutters to tell of tiny letters rich with nothing that waited in hiding-places. How the grim reaper has gathered the flowers, the youth and the bloom of those days; how the tall innocents who then walked in their beauty are faded and gone—ah, but not forgotten! In their memory there is still the rosy glow and the dewy breath of morning. The marble on which their names were carved may be mossy or moldering, but their gentleness radiated influences that kindled sacred fires still burning.

There had been a change in the young men before the holidays. It is an old story of Daniel Webster that he did not hold his knife and fork correctly, when he was first at school away from home, until he heard another boy scolded for committing the same error. Young Daniel needed but the one hint. When some of the farmers' boys ate their Christmas dinner at home, and saw for the first time how small the window-panes were in the dining-room, they did not feel so sure that they were determined to stay on the old piece of land they had plowed until, maybe, they knew it too well. The horizon—in spite of the terms of the scholarships—had widened. The line of green or white hills was not the boundary of the world. One could now fancy where the rivers ran at last. It was possible some day to see the ocean. Even in six weeks the hands had softened, and they were not so red and rough as they were. It would not do, perhaps, to speak to the stern father about more suitable wearing apparel, the unseemly size of certain rude buttons, or the assortment of colors in a suit, or the advantage of boarding over boarding oneself, giving more time to improve the mind. The tender mother had missions of love to perform, even the achievement of new shirts with standing collars and cuffs and cuff buttons. There were many advantages in carrying a good watch. Time spent away from home in studies was so costly and precious it should be measured. After the holidays there was a marked increase of homogeneity. There had been a polishing process of assimilation. A few unconscionable incorrigibles had been quietly eliminated. They had been told they were wasting their time and should come back no more; they returned to the pit

from which they had been digged, and rather rejoiced in emancipation, for it was torture to hold a book. The president of the Farmers' College believed in the great principle of the institution. He was almost a farmer himself, as he was a fruit grower, and could knock out the average farmer with his apples, pears, cherries and grapes, and he knew a lot about onions and cabbages. He frequently reminded the young men of the dignity of farming, and the independence there was in it. As the months passed, this eloquence lost its moral power to a great extent. It was not heard with unquestioning faith, and did not, in season and out of season, meet with an enthusiastic repose. His tobacco talks had a deeper hold, especially "if a fellow" had a cigar or two in his pocket. The idea that the chief end of men was to work on a farm was not, when the first term was gone, the theme of frequent essays. Farmers' sons were grieved on the sly when the formidable president referred to the dignity of farming. The average student

did not care any more whether his father had a scholarship or not. The calls of rural daddies on their way home from market, to see how the college that belonged to them was flourishing, were not as frequent as they had been, and the agriculturist had to have several shares of stock in order to be escorted around the premises and shown what the future had to bring forth. When spring time came, and the bluebirds were singing, the young farmers did not manifest the slightest passion to be plowing, and corn planting had lost its charms. The girls from the female college, marching in procession, could no longer tell at first sight which of the boys were the boys who had just come off the grass, as distinguished from those familiar with pavements. Hats, shoes, hands, shirt collars and neckties were all of the same style, and literature and the law were much more important than the selection of seed corn or the application of manures. The farmers themselves, who received reports that their sons were doing well and showing qualities that would make them the equal of gentlemen in any capacity of life, were reconciled. The boys were not likely, after all, to find out at school more about farming than they could have picked up at home, and lawin' and preachin' and doctorin' might be pretty fair business for one who got hitched onto it young.

This was a fatal admission. It was the beginning of the end—the downfall of the Farmers' College. An attempt was made to save it by a model farm, but the farmer hates a model farm, and his good opinion of himself and his own land is increased since he subscribes for magazines, takes newspapers that are full of telegrams, and rides on the trolley. After the model farm ceased to be important, the earnest old president abandoned education and the strife against tobacco, and became a fruit farmer, and had a model acre from which was brought forth more than any other acre in America produced, an achievement that should of itself have made a citizen famous. He died, not celebrated, but full of usefulness.

The man with the gray horse and gray head was successful in other enterprises. The old doctor and the polite professor were distinguished educators into extreme old age. The farmers' boys were not



Drawn by E. W. Kemble.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

harmd by the name of the college. They were distributed among the professions in about the usual way. If there was any difference, the proportion of preachers was smaller and lawyers larger than customary. There were a few who resorted to journalism. Others became teachers. Of the two hundred of the first run of fish into the net of the college, thirty or forty were seriously diverted from probable courses of life by the experiment of a farmers' college, and I count among the students of distinction a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal church, and in one who was of us, and a witness of the evolution, an ex-president of the United States, and also several members of con-



Drawn by E. W. Kemble.

"THE PRIME FAVORITE WAS A BOY WHO
PLAYED THE BONES."

gress and judges of honorable reputation. The social experiment of the Farmers' College was full of interest, and had the support of sincerity in advocacy. I am not sure why it seemed so artificial, when its name stood for a principle and not for an advertisement to those who named it. The school lives and is well endowed, but its name is changed. I still think the story of the Farmers' College should not have been that of disappointment. The question intrudes at the last, and will not down anyway—Did the plowboys really improve their minds when they deserted the plows? I fear they did not. The old teacher bore true testimony about the occupation of farming.

SEMPER IDEM.

BY W. J. LAMPTON.


ON a resting cart, this morning,
Corydon and Phyllis sat;
Phyllis, calico adorning;
Corydon, a damaged hat.

Rustic swain and rustic maiden—
Love is rude to them, thought I,
With their burdens heavy-laden,
Slow of speech and dull of eye.

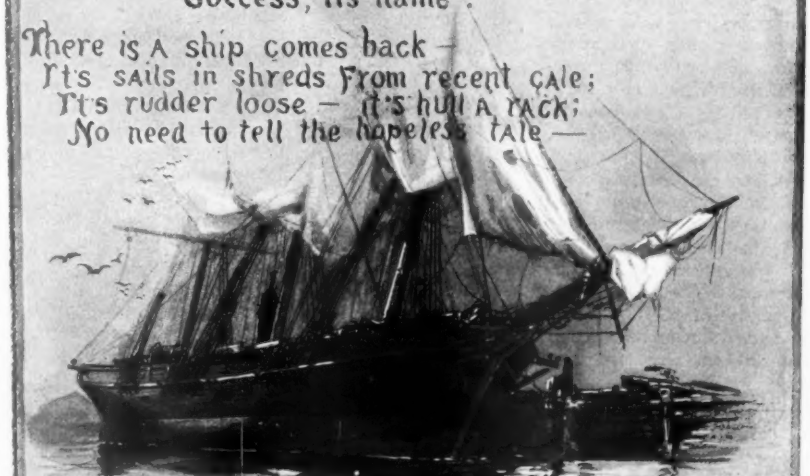
Much I wonder what the Cupid
Can be like who comes to these
Rustic lovers, coarse and stupid,
Weeds grown up among the trees.

Th n toward them, through the clover
Little rascal Cupid came,
As he is the whole world over—
To all of us, to them, the same.
As he is the whole world over,
Was this Cupid in the clover.

Two Ways



There is a ship sails out —
Its rudder strong; a gleaming mast;
CANVAS all filled; clear chart and route:
No danger, AS A bell-buoy passed;
Straight, straight ahead it flies —
Into the blue of summer skies —
Success, its name !



There is a ship comes back —
Its sails in shreds from recent gale;
Its rudder loose — its hull a rack;
No need to tell the hopeless tale —

Fast to a quiet dock it lies,
The crew have sadness in their eyes; —
Failure, its name.

Elizabeth Marshall.

Drawn by Frank H. Schell.

FIN DE SIÈCLE STAGE COSTUMES.

BY MAX FREEMAN.

"TAWDRY tinsel" can no longer be applied to stage costumery.

That expression might have been appropriate fifty years ago, or even a decade ago; but to-day things are very different.

This is the age of realism in the dramatic as well as in the other arts, and in the march of progress the playwright, the scene painter, the stage carpenter, the property man, and the costumer have all kept step together.

Actors and actresses no longer rant and strut upon the stage—real men and women talk and walk there oftentimes just as they do in actual, everyday life. And they dress, too, just as they would in actual life.

The stage princess no longer wears a fustian gown and a sham diadem; nowadays her robes are modeled after those worn by titled ladies in European courts, and are made by the best modistes and of the costliest material. Her laces are real, her silks and satins are real, her velvets are real, and so too are her jewels.

Take a glance at the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House some night and note the beautiful gowns worn by Madame Melba, Madame Eames, Madame Calvé or Madame Mantelli. No grande dame on this side of the water or the other wears handsomer, more appropriate or more costly raiment.

But it is not necessary for me to go to the Opera House to point my moral. The ladies on the stage of any first-class theater in the city of New York will testify to the truth of my statements. Let

me instance only a few notable cases—Miss Ada Rehan as Beatrice in "Much Ado about Nothing," at Daly's; Miss Mary Mannering at the Lyceum; Miss Amanda Fabris as Elfrida in "Brian Boru," at the Broadway; Miss Maude Adams or Miss Viola Allen at the Empire; Caroline Miskel-Hoyt in "A Contented Woman," at Hoyt's, and so on indefinitely. The stage gowns of each

and every one of these ladies are as costly and as good in every particular as those worn by ladies belonging to the various classes whose types they represent upon the stage.

And it is not only the stars, the leading ladies of our American theaters, who are well dressed. The American manager knows his public. He knows that it demands that its stage pictures shall be consistent; that if the queen is attired in silks and velvets, the ladies of her court must not go in calicoes. Such things might have satisfied our grandfathers. With them the play was really the thing; with us the mise en scène is also the thing.

To satisfy the theater-goer of the present day, a drawing-room of the period must look like a drawing-room of the period, and the people in it must talk and move and dress as people in a drawing-room do, or at least as the man or woman who pays two dollars, or a dollar and a half, for his or her seat in the orchestra or balcony thinks they do. A ball-room must be a real ball-room. Real belles and beaux must chat and laugh and promenade and dance there, and of course their clothes must suit the occasion.



THE TWINS IN "THE MANDARIN."

NOTE.—There is probably no stage manager or operatic producer more widely known in America than Mr. Max Freeman. He has directed the work behind the footlights in the principal theaters of every city between New York and San Francisco, and is considered among theatrical managers one of the authorities on stage costumes, situations and the various accessories. In the staging of light operas especially is his advice sought. From "Ermiuie" to "Rob Roy" there has scarcely been an important production in which he has not had a hand.

In the ball-room scene in "The Masqueraders," at the Empire Theater, the dresses for that one scene cost Mr. Frohman very nearly ten thousand dollars. Miss Viola Allen's dress alone cost seven hundred and fifty dollars, and she only wears it a few minutes. In "The Artist's Model," produced last winter at the Broadway Theater, Mr. Hayman brought the costumes for that company from Europe, and they cost him thirty thousand dollars. The dresses worn by the supernumeraries even—women who simply stood around and did nothing—were worth one hundred and fifty to two hun-



CAROLINE MISKEL-HOYT IN "A CONTENTED WOMAN."

dred dollars apiece. Then there was the magnificent production Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau made of "The Tzi-



MARY MANNERING.

gane." The costumes for it cost a small fortune, and the dresses and jewels worn by Miss Lillian Russell were worth thousands. "The American Beauty" is scarcely less elaborately put on the stage. When Mr. Augustus Pitou produced "Madame Sans-Gêne," one of the largest, if not the largest, items in his bill of expenses was for the costumes. They were modeled after those actually worn by

ladies at the court of the first Napoleon, and many of them cost hundreds of dollars each. Mr. Augustus Daly is notoriously

lavish in his expenditures and thinks nothing of laying out thirty thousand dollars on a Shakespearian revival, a very large portion of which goes for costumes.

Nowadays when an American manager sets out to produce a modern society play he, as a rule, gives his leading ladies carte blanche in the matter of gowns. They go to the best modistes in Paris or New York, and their dresses are made



BRUCE PAGET IN "BRIAN BORU."



OLGA NETHERSOLE.

after the very latest designs and of the very newest and most costly materials throughout. A tailor-made gown lined with cheap stuff would perhaps look as well to the audience as one lined with the finest silk, but no such economy is attempted. A tailor-made gown ought to be lined with silk; so silk it must be. Cheap grades of silk and satin and velvet and imitation laces might answer as well for stage ball-dresses provided the designs were correct, but the grande dame of society does not go to balls in cheap silks and satins and velvets and imitation laces, and neither does the grande dame of the stage.

To the recent craze for realism on the stage is probably due the present necessity for managerial extravagance in costuming. We have Mr. Daly to thank for introducing real doors and fireplaces, real mirrors, and such like appurtenances to actual civilized existence. As a natural adjunct to Turkish rugs and real Persian portières go real Paris gowns. The setting must be harmonious.



MADAME MELBA AS MARGUERITE.

Contrary to the belief generally held, this elaborateness in wardrobing is not carried out as an advertisement. That is too old an idea and would be laughed down by the enterprising agents of the New York theaters of to-day. No matter how expensive the costuming of a play, the fact is very rarely mentioned. Search as you will through the bills and the posters, and you will only occasionally come across the line "elaborately costumed." Even that is not considered at all necessary nowadays; the public is



ALMA DALMA.

presumed to take it for granted.

Within the past year there has been a tendency among many of the actresses conspicuous in the profession to have their dresses made in this country. They claim that the dress-makers of this country rival those of Paris in the finish and style of their creations. It is also a matter of great convenience as well as economy. The economy, by the way, is not in the price of the garment itself. That is about the same in the two cities for the same work and material. It is in the large expense involved



AMANDA FABRIS IN "BRIAN BORU."



HENRIETTA LANDER AND MARIE SHOTWELL IN "MADAME SANS GÈNE."

in a trip to Europe for no other purpose—a frequent occurrence—and in the customs duties, which are very high.

Naturally the producer of opera has the hardest burden to bear, financially. So severe is it that only the wealthy managers can afford to buy their costumes outright. The smaller companies are forced to rent them by the week from some of the firms engaged in that business, while many an ostentatious production is mortgaged ahead to obtain the wardrobe.

Costume expenditure is the rock on which many an operatic venture has gone to pieces.

It is not an exaggeration to state that at least ten thousand dollars would be required to costume a new opera properly. That is a low estimate. More frequently fifteen thousand dollars are needed for the purpose and sometimes twenty. It is authoritatively stated that Mr. Whitney spent more than twenty thousand dollars for the costumes worn in "Brian Boru," exclusive of tights and wigs—no small item in themselves.

The period of time in which the scene of the opera is laid has much to do with the expense of "dressing it," as costuming it is called. Sometimes it is necessary to have fabrics woven, that the costumes may be historically correct.

Such was the case when "Rob Roy" was produced. Many of the plaids worn by the Highland clans had not been in the looms for years. This fact, in spite of the comparatively few yards needed for the opera, made these garments very costly.

The step first to be taken in costuming an opera or a play is to submit the libretto or manuscript to a costume library, of which there are several in New York. There colored sketches of each character, in garments designed from authentic old pictures and historical descriptions, are made, accompanied by a detailed statement of just what materials should be used. These colored sketches are then submitted to the costumers to bid on, and when the details are satisfactorily arranged the contract is awarded.

Another item of expense which frequently is rendered necessary are the extra costumes for the understudies. It is not unusual for them to lie idle for a whole season, and sometimes they are never worn at all in the character for which they are made.

And the end is not yet. Each season brings us some new managerial extravagance, and the insatiable public, like the daughters of the horse-leech, call out for more.

THE RING.

BY FRANCIS STERNE PALMER.

THE only ring my love doth wear
Is just a little circle where
The warm blood colors in her cheek
And doth our first light kiss bespeak.

And when I see that rosy sign,
And when her gentle eyes meet mine,
I know we need no goldsmith's art
To bind us closer, heart to heart.



A MODERN FAIRY TALE.

BY THERON C. CRAWFORD.

THE WISH FOR POLITICAL POWER.

"THIS is case number three," said John Lord, professor of common sense, to Hiram Barnard, president of the Universal Trust.

Mr. Barnard looked up with interest.

"This client is a journalist; he is what is known as a political reporter. He has come to me several times for advice and suggestions, although I am free to confess he is the first journalist who has ever sought my bureau."

Mr. Barnard frowned. "I do not care for newspaper men," said he.

"But you recall that the people to be selected for these wishes were to be chosen regardless of their merit. This is a person who may interest you in a possible evolution which you can afford him."

"What does the man want?" said Mr. Barnard.

"You mean his wish?"

"Yes."

"He wishes for political power."

Mr. Barnard laughed. "That is such a simple thing to be obtained for him. Does he desire to become president of the United States or just a simple, plain, ordinary boss, who carries national politics in the palm of his hand?"

"He seems to be too experienced in politics to wish for a power which might be taken from him at any time, and yet he wishes for political power. I think he is reasonably shrewd in his wish."

"What is the form of political power desired by this interesting individual?"

"He wishes to become the editor and proprietor of a newspaper so powerful and so rich that it will be above every ordinary influence. He has argued it out to himself that the editor and proprietor of such a newspaper will hold a much more influential position than if he were president of the United States. He will have all the attributes of power without any of its disadvantages. Instead of being the subject of criticism on account of the power held by him, he will have added to the luxury of his position the sweet privilege of criticising every one else."

Mr. Barnard shook his head thought-

fully, as he said: "It seems to me he has made a foolish wish. I know very few newspapers that I think have any real power. They might have had in the by-gone days, but it seems to me we have outgrown all that. What kind of a man is this fellow, anyway?"

"He is one who thinks he has a mission to perform in life. He labors under the belief that every man who comes into this world should try to leave it better on account of his having passed through it. Of course, he is a very unusual character. He is not contented with anything; he is the perfect embodiment of supreme discontent; he has very high ideals. It is possible that his newspaper will cost you more money than any of the experiments that you have made up to the present time. Would you like to see him?"

"No; I don't think I would. I know just what he will look like. He is pale; has dark circles about the eyes; is a little careless about his hair and has a tendency to be neglectful about shaving. He talks with a strain of excessive enthusiasm and has no practical ideas, according to my notion. In fact, I think very few newspaper men have any business sense. If I set up this idealistic man in journalism, I shall certainly attach to the proposition a good business manager. How old a man is your newspaper friend?"

"He is thirty-five years old."

"Well, don't you see that if he had any real force of character and capacity for business he would now be the director and chief of some one of these modern monstrosities called newspapers?"

"Excuse me; I have not set up the question of his merits. You must remember that that question has never entered into the consideration of the cases of any of my clients. I simply take people whom I think will give you your money's worth in the way of interesting developments. I have an idea that this man will turn out in a more original fashion than the average. You don't like the world of journalism, but you may become interested in it through your representative. It is a fact that this man seemingly lacks

what you call practical ideas. Upon several occasions he could have become the chief director of a newspaper if he had been willing to sacrifice some of his friends, but, strange as it may seem, he preferred relative obscurity to office intrigue, and as a consequence became one of my clients."

The next day Professor Lord sent for his client, Henry La Farge, chief political reporter on the New York "Chronicle."

"I have something to tell you," said the professor. "You remember, during your last visit, I suggested to you that there was a possible way of providing for your future. You were in despair about the possibilities of promise in your profession, and felt yourself hampered in your daily work by the exaction of the management of a paper with which you are not in sympathy."

"Yes; in plain words, I have not been able to treat myself to the luxury of expressing my own opinions in black and white for a number of years. As a reporter and correspondent I have been obliged to color my facts, more or less, to suit the newspaper which employed me. No matter how impartial an editor may think he is, and whatever may be the directions given by him to his reporters or subordinates, they thoroughly understand that their popularity and their prospect for advancement depend largely upon their collecting the facts and views which will have a tendency to substantiate the actual views of their employer. Aside from this personal question, the average newspaper has a fixed set of ideas. Whether they relate to mere partisanship or mere assumption of independence, the subordinates have but the freedom of men engaged in working on a chain gang. The person who seeks to make his individuality too marked soon becomes an object of criticism, and the moment the readers of a newspaper begin to complain to the editor, through that wonderful column known as the people's column, there comes a warning, and if the warning is not heeded, loss of employment."

"You put yourself in a very critical attitude toward the newspapers. Is it true, then, that you have found in the exercise of your profession neither pleasure nor intellectual profit?"

"Neither. The practice of modern journalism has no tendency to bring out the best qualities of the individual. Men are moulded after a certain pattern, according to the newspaper employing them, and individuality is distinctly discouraged. Journalism is a trade; no one should call that a profession which eats up the best life of a man. When he should be arriving at the years of his greatest value, in almost any other occupation of life, in this one exacting, nerve-exhausting calling he finds himself growing less and less valuable, and is soon pointed out by the youngsters as only fit for the purpose of writing reminiscences."

"What would you say if you were to be given a newspaper like the one you wished for when you were here the other day?"

"What would I say if the heavens were to fall, or it were to rain larks?"

"You need not maintain your journalistic pose of incredulity. I have observed that journalists, as a class, are sometimes very credulous where they should be the reverse, and very incredulous where they should have faith. I certainly have no object in holding up to you a possibility of this kind for the mere sake of obtaining your opinion."

"What, then, do you mean?"

"I mean simply this, that a very eccentric multi-millionaire, who is one of my clients, is at present trying a number of social experiments. He is amusing himself in what he fancies is a rather original way. This he does by granting to such people as we agree upon the gratification of any one wish that they may care to make. You wished the other day for the possession of a newspaper as a means of arriving at political power. Do you still hold to that wish?"

The eyes of the newspaper man flashed. "Whatever may be the possibilities," said he, "I will repeat my wish: To have a newspaper of my own; to be able to print from day to day, unchanged, unmarked, unslashed, my own opinions; to be able to have the power that belongs to a properly conducted newspaper—that would certainly be the one wish of my life. If I had that, everything else would be comprehended therein."

"You are like a great many newspaper writers that I have met. You have in

your mind an ideal newspaper, while your lives are spent in writing for nothing but ideal newspapers."

"That is true. I never saw a man yet who thoroughly admired the newspaper for which he worked, except the proprietor."

"Well, then, when will you be ready to begin?"

"To begin what?"

"The management of the ideal newspaper."

"To-day."

"Your promptness will please Mr. Barnard. Do you wish for a contract?"

"No. Why should I want a contract? I will have the excitement of the experiment, and if Mr. Barnard wants to put up the money I think I will show him a newspaper which for a time will increase his interest in life."

"What is your idea, to buy any of the existing newspapers?"

"No. No paying newspaper is ever for sale, and I do not want to take on my hands any of the abortive experiments which have not yet reached a paying basis. I wish to avoid all their odium and their bad reputation, and if I have my own way shall start afresh. I shall want a new building, from the basement to the garret, devoted to the purposes of my newspaper, or shall I say Mr. Barnard's newspaper?"

"Not at all. He is to have no control or even ownership in it. It is to be yours, fully yours; or else your wish could not be gratified. You are to have placed at your disposal all the money necessary, and you will simply be asked to accept the coöperation of a first-class business manager, who will see that you are to get full value for the money expended."

"Ah, ah, a business manager! Now I

see the cloven foot. This Universal Trust needs an organ, and the business manager—who wields the brake and puts the savor of commerce over all its columns—he is to be at my elbow, is he, to correct my sentences, to tone my expressions for fear they may injure some part of the advertising? No, thank you. Damn your newspaper! I prefer to go on my way."

"Do not be so emotional. This is to be something quiet new—a business manager who is to be absolutely under the control of the editor-in-chief. He will have nothing to do except obey your orders. You will find, perhaps, that his knowl-

edge of accounts and of general business will enable you to arrive at your results more expeditiously. That is all; but you are to be free, absolutely free, and you can have that in the most strongly worded contract."

"Well, I prefer a contract. I live on this earth, after all, and it is not reasonable to suppose that any such offer could ever be made me without any consideration whatever except the very improbable one of amusing your venerable and wealthy client. I will see that the

contract is very carefully worded; but I must warn your client that I shall hold very tenaciously to my freedom, and if he builds up for me an instrument to wield, it may be very likely that he will be the very person toward whom I will direct this powerful weapon. I speak to you frankly, so there will be no complaint afterward for my lack of gratitude. I despise gratitude; it is only another chain upon a man's personal freedom. Why should any one be grateful for anything? We have what belongs to us or we don't. If fate has ordained that such a newspa-



Drawn by
B. West
Clinedinst.

"HIS FIRST INTERVIEW WAS WITH AN ARCHITECT."

per property should be given to me, and if fate should further ordain that Mr. Barnard is willing to take a few hundred thousand dollars from his trust to see what I will do with it, why that is something that does not concern me beyond the fact. The fact is interesting. I will see you to-morrow with the contract and then I will begin the building up of what I consider a modern newspaper."

The next day a contract was drawn. It provided expressly for absolute power and authority upon the part of La Farge. As first drawn, it further provided that he was to have unlimited funds for a period of five years.

When this clause was read Mr. Barnard's lawyer stated that he knew of no open supply of money that could meet the unlimited demand of an imaginative newspaper man for so long a period.

"Why," said he, "he will bankrupt the Universal Trust inside of one year if you give him unlimited swing."

When he objected seriously to the absence of a limit, Mr. Barnard said: "Perhaps it is well enough to have some kind of a limit that is reasonable. I do not want to fetter the young man, so let's get his ideas first as to the amount of money he thinks he will need."

La Farge was summoned.

"How much money do you think you will need to establish in New York a newspaper which will be in accordance with your own ideas?"

La Farge in reply to this said: "The fault of most people who start out to establish a newspaper, is making too low an estimate. Now I think that any kind of a newspaper can be made popular in New York, because the public there is a very patient one, and if the newspaper is rich enough to maintain itself long enough to become a recognized institution, then no turn of adverse fortune can break it down."

"Your estimate?" said Mr. Barnard.

La Farge, nettled at being thus curtly called to the point at issue, said: "Well, sir, I will agree to ask for no further help if I have a reserve of three millions. With that amount I can furnish a first-class paper in New York for five years without any thought as to whether we shall have receipts or not."

"I have no objection to that," said Mr.

Barnard; "but please bear in mind that you have a limit, although named by yourself." Mr. Barnard's lawyer started to throw up his hands in the form of a protest but, meeting the cold eye of the financier, changed his mind.

The interview thus came to an abrupt termination, and the limitation clause was inserted in the contract in accordance with the understanding had at this interview.

* * * *

Henry La Farge, on the stimulus of the signing of the contract and a deposit to his credit of one fifth of the amount that could be called for under the agreement, disclosed new qualities. Instead of now being an expansive, talkative individual who confided his plans to every one, he suddenly became a sphinx. He disclosed his good fortune to none of his associates. He set about the preparation of the work in a very careful and methodical way. He wisely left the arrangement of the details mentioned in the contract with his able and careful legal friend.

His first interview was with an architect. To him he said: "I want one of the most beautiful buildings in New York, and I do not want it to be planned for the use of anything except the newspaper itself which is to occupy it."

One day Henry La Farge undertook the formation of his staff. He first planned the building and established therein its plant before he undertook to select the associates who were to work with him in the production of the New York "Daily Gazette"—for this was the name selected. In his work he had served many papers in different parts of the country, and in perhaps a dozen offices he had met two or three men of his own habits of thought and with the same aspirations. He said: "I will have about me people who are in sympathy with my hopes and ambitions. I will divide all the work into departments, and each chief shall be free, subject only to the general supervision which must be had to secure consistency and unity, but outside of this general plan, each man must do his duty as he sees it."

His strangest selection was that of the managing editor. This man was not a newspaper writer; he had never written a line for any newspaper. He was a brill-



Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.

"A NOISY PLACE IN WHICH TO COMPOSE ARTICLES."

iant officer who had served his country in the army and had made a name for himself in modern science. He was in vigorous physical health, with a broad mind and trained executive ability acquired at the head of a great department in the service. When he was first offered this position, he said, with some modesty: "I should suppose that the technical requirements of such a position as that would bar me out of it. I might learn how to fill such a place, but I should prefer to have something involving less responsibility, until I feel satisfied that I can please you in that position, which must be one of a most exacting kind."

La Farge replied: "You are the first man I have ever met who has expressed any lack of confidence regarding his ability to manage a newspaper, whether he has had any experience in that direction or not. This proves to me that you are an original man, and I therefore repeat my offer. I wish to have in that place something more than a mere newspaper man. I will be near you during the first period of the paper, and give you such technical information as will be necessary. My reason for preferring you in that position is that you have none of the ancient traditions of the newspaper. You have the wide education of a man of the world; you have the scientific knowledge which comes from the work of a student, and the discipline and executive knowledge taught you in your military profession. You have none of the ancient ideas of news which are bred and burned into the character of the average managing editor. In publishing my newspaper I expect to break away from tradition, and if I am to be too much occupied with contests with my managing editor, to obtain the results which I wish to accomplish, it will add very much to the burden of my work. I can ask you to do things with tranquillity which would simply cause a professional managing editor to either resign, or so upset him as to make him a worthless factor. The trouble, my dear sir, with the average newspaper is that it differs in no essential degree from any of its predecessors. The public has been educated up to a false standard of what is called news, and so the newspapers have become mere publication machines for the registering of

what is called the history of the day. They descend to such petty trivialities, and describe such uninteresting incidents, that the newspaper is thereby made such a mass of so-called information that it is read with neither profit nor amusement. The basis of news-gathering of all newspapers of modern times is found in rival associations. We talk about the skill and professional ability employed in making our newspapers, and yet it is a fact that the great news-gathering associations of the country have been for years in the hands of mere telegraph operators. It is a very exceptional thing where a professionally trained newspaper writer is employed around or about a news agency. From first to last the men employed have been, strictly speaking, non-professional writers. They have no news-discriminating instinct, and the mechanical expedition secured through the special knowledge of telegraph operators has become the predominating feature of these services. Who can deliver the bulletin first is the iron-clad test of the superior merit of the association. The quality of the news gathered is not to be compared with the question of expedition.

"So you see, my dear friend, that the great newspapers of the country can trace the gathering of three fourths of their material to non-professional people, and I may be excused for inviting to the post of manager of a newspaper a non-professional gentleman who is not even a telegraph operator, and has, perhaps, never written a paragraph for a newspaper. I invite you to this position because you have no preconceived ideas. I want you to sit here and permit nothing to pass through your hands into the newspaper which does not have some relative importance. The small local accidents and crimes of distant neighbors should have no interest for our readers.

"You have doubtless studied art and therefore comprehend the technical meaning of the term called 'values'—that is, the scale of proper proportion of things. This constitutes the chief merit of great pictures. It seems to me that the modern newspaper lacks this quality more than it does anything else. There is a lack of the proper sense of proportion. The subjects which are thrust to the front in the order of their publication often are ex-

aggregated beyond the power of their true perspective. Let me give you an instance. Let us suppose that a janitor, a highly esteemed janitor in charge of some respectable up-town flat, becomes weary of the routine of his life and deserts his family to elope with some interesting chambermaid in the neighborhood. Now there is a story which in a great many modern newspapers would be presented with about the same spread-eagle display that should be accorded to the news of a foreign war. In my judgment, infractions of the law are made altogether too conspicuous. By this I mean that stories of crime and stories of exposure should have their place in the newspaper, but it does not seem to me that they should occupy the front place; and where the people are of humble and ordinary life, their peccadilloes, misdemeanors or crimes should not entitle them to furnish more than their mention, and then only when they fall into the hands of the law and are actually dealt with by the courts."

"It is not any proper answer to say that this is a part of the history of the day, and no newspaper would be true to its vocation unless it pictured the evils as well as the good. The very people who present this argument, however, dwell very little upon the presentation of the good, and exaggerate tremendously the doing of evil, upon the theory that this class of publication is more interesting and captures a wider number of readers.

"Now I lay it down as a matter of principle that there are a large number of people in the world who are influenced by suggestion. The average man who thinks consecutively for himself, with perfect freedom of judgment and lack of prejudice from outside influences, is exceedingly rare, so that the publication of the evil incidents of the daily history of the world in an exaggerated way has a tendency to send out a wave of criminal suggestion to the impressionable people of the world who might be equally impressed by a wave of moral suggestion, if you please."

Captain Hardyck said to this: "I think that what you say is on a scientific basis and possesses truth. I have observed myself, in periods of great public excitement, that the large masses of peo-

ple are often moved to the right or left more by emotional processes than by intellectual ones. In political campaigns, spectacular processions or parades, forceful suggestions from dominant characters and stirring oratory from the directors of the campaign have undoubtedly their influence in the form of mental pictures, and produce more real influence than the cold-blooded, logical arguments of campaign orators.

"The men who could be impressed by arguments of an intellectual character are the men who already have their opinions formed. The true partisan is a man of deep conviction whose eye glitters and whose jaw becomes fixed at every mental deduction, seeking to control his will or his action. Now I not only agree with you about the power of suggestion, but I might even go farther and say that the people who enjoy reading exaggerated and illiterate accounts of criminal doings are at heart incipient criminals. I might also add that in my judgment the purveyors of exaggerated criminal information, the men who pile up horror upon horror, who miss not a single drop of blood in their account of the tragedies of life, are also undeveloped criminals. It is a diseased mentality that seeks this class of information, it is an unnatural mind that enjoys its perusal; and when one has a disordered mentality of any kind, crime is very possible."

The captain then turned from this subject and took up another, and asked: "What is your opinion of illustrations? Do you intend to use them?"

"In my judgment," said Mr. La Farge, "there has been nothing that has exercised so powerful an influence toward exaggerating and vulgarizing the public taste, as the so-called newspaper illustrations. To my mind the only value of an illustration in a newspaper which purports merely to give the news of the day, lies in the fact that it farther elucidates or adds information sought to be imparted concerning the subject; but if your picture is from the beginning to the end a coarse travesty of art, ill-drawn, ill-made and based upon a lie, then it is a blot upon any newspaper, a real injury to its appearance, and through this, again, induces a vulgarizing element.

"Take the so-called illustrations, in the

various morning or evening newspapers, of the day's incidents and you can find in them no point of resemblance. Neither are they based upon the first honest fact of correct observation. What value can they have to any one? They represent nothing but the clumsy imagination of an ignorant, misinformed and uneducated person. These deformities are so forced upon the attention of the reader, that the outward form of a newspaper is as much destroyed as if you were to print the painting of a human being covered with blotches or ulcers, as a thing of beauty. The only value in an illustration of this class is its absolute truth. The moment it ceases to be the record of an exact and truthful observation, it has no value and is an insult to an intelligent reader."

"Do I infer from what you say that you do not propose to use any illustrations?"

"On the contrary, I propose to use them in a discriminating way, but confine their use, as I have said before, to correct records of actual observation. For the few illustrations I shall use, I shall employ the best talent that money can secure. The class of things that can be properly made the subject of superior illustration is, in my judgment, comparatively limited. Plans of buildings, the designs of monuments, maps of battle-fields and distant provinces, and correct portraits of leading characters, seem to me to about cover what is practicable and valuable in this field. The attempt to reproduce pictures which will describe the scenes of life, the ordinary incidents, are really, in my judgment, outside the province of a newspaper. To-day it is largely utilized for the purpose of accentuating the horrors of criminal reporting. This invasion of the fields of the various police gazettes of the country I wish never to attempt."

* * * *

The "Gazette" appeared without a word of preliminary advertisement. There was not a single announcement on the walls in New York concerning it. Its home was a building well adapted to business purposes, in the upper part of New York, facing Madison square. The proprietor made a sacrifice by limiting the use of the building to the sole production

of the newspaper. It had the elegance and cleanliness of a first-class club. Upon its upper floor was a suite of rooms to be used by the bachelor members of the staff kept at the office by late duties. The club idea was carried still further. A restaurant for the use of the members of the building occupied one of the corners of the top floor. The printers also had their own restaurant, where food was furnished them at cost. Downstairs every writer had a room to himself. These were furnished with elegance and great neatness. There is nothing that so influences a writer as his surroundings, and this innovation of providing his writers with pleasant environments, Mr. La Farge copied from some of the great offices of London newspapers. There a great respect is felt for the individuality of the writer, and he is not expected to sit down with a drove of his kind, in a dirty, noisy place, to compose his articles.

It was already one of the absolute requirements for a position on the newspaper that a man should be a gentleman, and every employé was so paid as to enable him to dress in accordance with his station. It was Mr. La Farge's idea that the newspaper should be conducted on the lines which ruled the conduct of a gentleman in private life.

In making his arrangements he said: "Why should we boast of our merits? Why should we boast of our virtues? There is nothing to me so indecent, so vulgar, as the incessant assertion of newspapers, published on the bargain-counter principle, of the merits to be found in their columns. If you publish a worthless newspaper, the public will find it out, and no amount of pushing will convince them to the contrary. If you have a large circulation the evidence of it will be found throughout the town by the very people whom you wish to interest."

So when this singular paper appeared, it only had this introduction, upon the part of the proprietor, to the public: "It is the intention of the editor to publish a daily newspaper in the city of New York. He will endeavor to publish a good newspaper, and to allow nothing to appear within its columns derogatory to the character of a first-class journal."

A great sensation was created by the



Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.

"HIS ROOM WAS OPEN TO THE CASUAL CALLER."

appearance of the first issue. There was nothing in the paper to shock or grotesquely amuse. There was a decided sensation, however, at the discovery that throughout the journal there was a careful classification of the news of the world, leaving out the rubbish and presenting, through the hands of specialists, all the events which really should interest people. It was a notable feature that the financial column was in the hands of a man who had a world-wide reputation in the world of finance. Musical criticisms were written by people who actually understood the art of composition. In the same way, special knowledge and character were prominent features of the paper. There was no very serious tone, but instead a light, good-natured, easy way of treating the events of the day. The light touch was more often exhibited than the heavy one. The illustrations were simple and very correct, and the paper itself was a model of typographical elegance. For once the criminal news was subdued to nonpareil type, in compact articles, undisplayed, and briefly reviewing such incidents from the court records.

In the personal column there was not a single mention of a person who was not prominent. Not a single nobody had his name thrust upon the public. But the great sensation of all was created by an exposure. What New York newspaper could appear without an exposure? This was the result of very strict orders given by the editor, that the city editor should lead off by an exposure of some very prominent New York citizen. When he first called the attention of the city editor, Phil Magnus, to this task, Mr. Magnus responded with a snap of his eyes.

"You are right. I have been engaged in the opening of a great many newspapers, and we always start off with an exposure. I can give you something very good in that line. What is the kind of a man you want to expose—politician, financier, or what? I have a whole list of them, and I will select the most prominent and give you what I call a juicy story."

"Magnus," said La Farge, "I have selected you for this position because you are very energetic and have a wide technical knowledge of the duties of your position, and a strong following among

the better class of reporters of New York; but if you will listen to me before you begin, perhaps you will change your ideas concerning the advisability of what you propose. It may be you do not understand me. I said 'exposure,' but, for heaven's sake, let us be original. You have spent nearly all your time exposing crime in New York. Let us expose a little virtue. I want you to go out into the by-ways of New York—where everything can be found if there be a man of intelligence to seek it—and discover for me the most conspicuous correct man in New York, some one who is laboring to accomplish a high aim, and expose to me his extreme virtue. I cannot think of anything that is more likely to attract attention."

Mr. Magnus' eyes snapped, as he said: "By George! that is original. Crime is worn threadbare. Exposure of men who lack virtue is a little wearying."

And the "Gazette's" first real impression upon the New York public, aside from its cleanliness, correctness and high tone, was this satire upon the mendacious, vulgar, overwrought attempts to shock readers through so-called exposures made in the name of morality, but for the sole purpose of selling a few more papers.

A great many members of the inner circle of New York watched this experiment with great interest. It was not known that La Farge had a great amount of capital, but the style in which his paper was conducted indicated that he had large means back of him, so he was pounced upon by other papers, who held that he belonged to this or that particular trust, and that he was the favorite child of some corporation wanting a newspaper in New York.

The fact of it was, the paper attacked no one, but went out of its way to say kind words for men who were prominent or conspicuous in their life. For the first time a prominent newspaper in this country set up and established the fact that the average congressman was not a criminal; that even a wealthy member of society was entitled to respect, and that the average man in public life was honest and followed high purposes. No one was allowed to write upon a subject of politics for the "Gazette" who had not served a long apprenticeship, and so, while the articles

upon this subject were not long, they were so accurate and so clearly based on inside knowledge, that the newspaper soon had a powerful influence in the field of politics, which is the dominating and governing one of the world.

New York gave the "Gazette" a warm welcome, and the immense circulation given to it proved the theory of La Farge, that the public were weary and worn with the average sensational newspaper published upon the theory that people prefer dirt to decency, vulgarity to virtue.

One of the features of this newspaper establishment was the arrangement of a great hall for public receptions. This corresponded to the *Salle des Dépêches*, of the "Figaro," in Paris, only it was on a much larger scale. Here in a spacious gallery pictures by distinguished artists were exhibited, and every one of the numerous objects found in the development of this or that science or art was to be found in this wonderful room, which was open and free to all.

The editor of this paper had certain hours for his work and certain hours for public reception, during which his room was as open to the casual caller as if he were located on the sidewalk. For at least one hour a day, and sometimes two, he received the general public. He held that the man who immured himself, for fear of meeting cranks—especially a man managing a great journal—would soon lose all touch and connection with the public.

"Never mind the bores, let them all come," said he; "and in the procession surely there will be some one with a new idea, a new truth, and he can teach us all something."

Mr. La Farge had a perfect horror of routine. He shifted his writers about constantly. The man who prepared editorial articles one week, was sent out as a reporter the following week. He said: "Don't linger too long in your library, my dear friend," when he summoned a writer to him; "go out into the world and renew your powers of observation."

Mr. La Farge after a few years found his newspaper a valuable property. He proved his theory that the public preferred, in the end, sense to nonsense, and plain facts to vulgarly adorned sensation. He saw great changes follow his dignified

and stable example. Under the influence of these changes he saw New York become an imperial city, beautiful in its architecture, imposing in its improved system of docks, that did away with the former crude system of triple handling that had nearly ruined the city as a great seaport. He saw public institutions grow up that drew to the city the powerful leaven of art, science and literature to lift the spirit so long dominated by the narrow influence of routine commerce. The long and successful fight made by him against ring politics in municipal affairs made him mayor of New York. Under his rule as mayor, the most conspicuous men in New York were elected to the council chamber. Rich men who had been discouraged from any attempt to take part in the politics of the town, on account of the abuse heaped upon them for daring to have anything to say about the mismanagement of the city in which they lived, no longer fled to Europe to escape from the boredom of an empty club life. New York studied some of the older cities of Europe, and learned valuable lessons from their bitter experiences. Election to congress was the next triumph in his political career. Municipal positions became posts of honor in the year Mr. La Farge was sent to Washington. In his passion for political power he never stooped to ignoble means. He developed rapidly in the atmosphere of national politics. His newspaper doubtless helped in his rapid rise to a leading position in the house. Four years after his entrance into the house he was nominated and elected speaker.

The president sent for him directly after his election and began to outline things to him that the executive department wanted done. The newly elected speaker, who had had up to this day no real opportunity for studying the machinery of the house, from an inside standpoint, was startled by the fact that the president sought him and by his request made it clear that the speaker was, after all, the most powerful figure in our government. The president said to him: "I have been hopelessly involved from the day of my inauguration in struggles with people who wished for office. Any reforms that I may want to carry out to leave a good name for myself have been hitherto made impossible. The speaker

who preceded you was opposed to me. My executive messages were thrown into the waste-baskets of the committees to whom they were referred. During the first half of my term I tried sincerely to carry out some of the pledges made by the party during the campaign which preceded my election."

"What do you want me to do?" said the new speaker.

"I want you," said the president, "to appoint an appropriation committee to provide for the money asked by my executive officers and to give us some opportunity of carrying out our own ideas instead of theirs. I want you to appoint a Ways and Means committee who will be in sympathy with me, so that we can have some modification of the revenue laws in accordance with my suggestions. Our future financial system depends upon the class of financial committees that you give the country. In fact, everything which concerns our administration depends upon you. The senate is made up of people who will concede anything to us in return for offices. But the house is a great machine which is utterly beyond and above our control, and the speaker directs that machine."

* * * *

The speaker, instead of taking a private house, took a large suite of apartments in one of the leading hotels. Here every day he was besieged by callers and delegations. The commercial captains of all the great industries of the country came to him to ask him to put this or that member in such a position that he could be useful. Of the three hundred odd members not one omitted to call, to present his personal application for advancement. For the moment he was more sought than a newly elected president. Instead of the ordinary run of importunate office-seekers who surround the chief executive in the White House, the speaker was followed by financiers, railroad magnates, great manufacturers, and shrewd and scheming politicians. Far into the night he sat, casting and recasting the committees, so as to make perfect the machinery of the legislative organization which lies directly under the hand of the speaker.

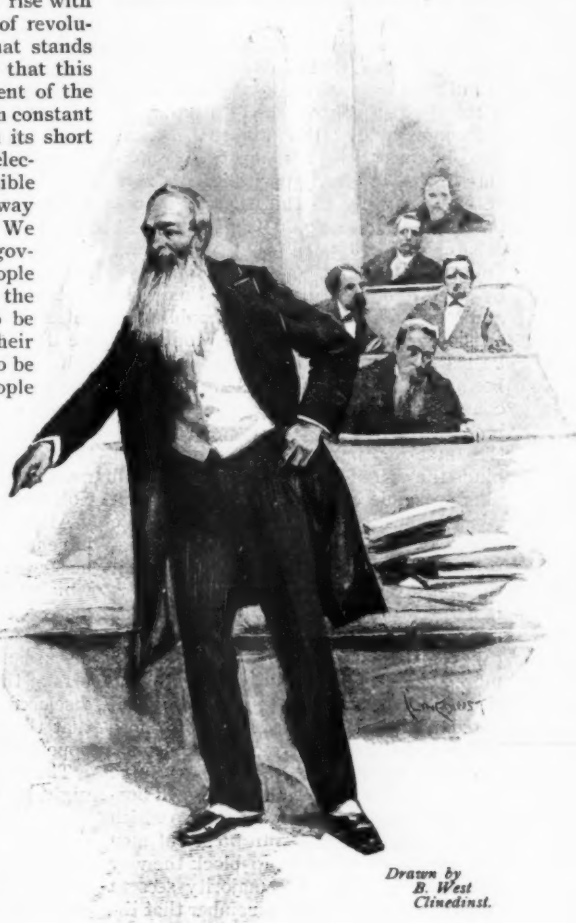
Speaker La Farge still retained his passion for political power, but when he found himself in this position of dictator he looked beyond himself and sought to overthrow the system. After many weary nights of counsel with the two or three leaders who constituted with the speaker the inner ring of the house, the speaker came to a determination. Before announcing his committees to the house he issued a private circular addressed to every member, irrespective of party, calling them together in a special council which he held in the House of Representatives. In reality it was an executive session of the house that was summoned. This the speaker has a right to do, under the rules, when he considers an emergency of sufficient importance. Naturally this made a great sensation, as the authority of the speaker in this direction has rarely if ever been exercised. A summoning of the members by private circular, however, took away from the formal character of a regular call for the house to meet in executive session. There was an enormous interest awakened at once to learn what the speaker proposed. The committees had been held back for several days now over the time. The leaders of the special interests which had hitherto been safe guarded by the ancient system were alarmed. La Farge had made such a name for himself in attempting novelties and breaking over conventional lines in the publication of his newspaper that it was feared he might do something dangerous. "Dangerous" in politics is a word freely translated by the word "new." An innovation is always wrong. The house met at nine o'clock in the evening with a perfect mob of excited correspondents outside. The Capitol itself was lighted from end to end. This beautiful white palace glistened with its many thousand lights against a dark and wintry sky. Inside all was warmth and movement. There was hardly a vacant place in the house, which now met for the first time since the revolution with closed doors. Every member in Washington was present. There were not over fifteen or twenty members of the entire organization absent.

The speaker said: "I have asked your presence to-night for a council. We do not meet officially, yet I have called you here for no other purpose than a discussion of

the official methods of doing business in this house. I have not yet announced my committees, and it is possible I may not announce them at all." This remark made a great sensation; members looked at each other, as if to say, "What next?"

The speaker then continued: "Great problems are continually being presented in the development of the republic, and if our government ever fails, it will be through the inefficiency of its machinery, as at present constituted, to properly and speedily execute the public will. American people bear everything up to a certain point; then they are likely to rise with resistless fury along the lines of revolution and abruptly overturn what stands in their way. It seems to me that this house, which is the one exponent of the popular will, in that it is kept in constant touch with the people through its short term and rapidly occurring elections, has devised every possible method to put obstacles in the way of any expression of that will. We have through years built up a government of negation. The people in politics have proceeded upon the theory that the public is not to be trusted, and, more than that, their elected representatives are not to be trusted. We no sooner elect people to office than ways and means are devised to prevent their doing anything injurious to the people's interests. Checks and guards against action of any kind are found all through our system of government. Nothing but the upheaval of the civil war made possible the last amendments to the constitution. In this house, which should be responsible, as the key of a musical instrument, to the touch of the people, a system has been built up which leaves its full power—which is great, as it controls all the initiative in legislation—practically in the hands of one man. This irresponsible quality of the house as it now exists is further augmented by the fact that the members who are elected during a congress-

sional election do not take their seats until one year after the election has been decided, so that we have at least one session of congress which may be conducted and controlled by people whose very presence here is a defiance of the previously expressed popular will. This house of representatives has delegated its enormous authority of appointing its committees to its speaker. There is no reason why this should have passed away from the house itself. A concentration of the power of the house in the hands of one man practically places the power of all



Drawn by
B. West
Clinedinst.

"THE LEADERS OBJECTED."

legislation in his hands. The temptations which surround this position are too great, for where all power comes, temptations crowd about; and so I, who have been sitting as umpire and judge to pass upon the thousand and one claims which are pressed upon the attention of the speaker, have become alarmed for myself. I fear that I have lost my ability to act impartially. I do not approve of the 'star chamber' methods of my office, and I came here to ask the house to take up with me the question of whether it shall not resume the authority which has passed away and accept again the responsibility of its own acts.

"Let the majority, sitting in open session in the free light of day, decide, after full discussion, who shall lead these committees which control the legislation of the country. Let the minority present also, in open debate, name their candidates for the minority positions. It may be said in reply to this that it is not practical, that it would lead to endless debate and confusion; but you would find that a leading committee appointed by the full house could outline the work, and then the time expended in public discussion of these appointments would not be lost. It is an experiment which has been tried and demonstrated in other countries. It will be the first step in the breaking of the machinery of negation, the first loosing of the chain which binds the will of the majority, and would make possible affirmative legislation representing the will of the majority. We accept every congress without a suggestion of change from the old rule. When the house meets it has no rules and is free to adopt any system which it sees fit; but each year the rules of the preceding congress, which have grown more and more burdensome in the transaction of thwarting the will of the majority, are adopted. The only changes made are those which make these rules more burdensome. I would suggest that the house resume its full powers of controlling its own business and make a new code of rules which will be simpler and permit no set of men and no set of interests to block the way of anything which the majority sees fit to propose. You must remember that the people have sent here a working majority to do something, and whatever that ma-

jority proposes to do it should be allowed to do, and the only proper check upon it would be the opinion of the people who elected it. Until we have a simpler system here and some method of providing for a real exposition of the will of the people, greater and greater dissatisfaction will accumulate year by year, until a question may be raised in the future which will threaten the very foundation of our republic. In every campaign there is such a deep-seated spirit of dissatisfaction that all the administrations, of whatever party, challenging the public for a vote, have found a bitterness in the opposition to them which can only be explained by this deep feeling of disgust and dissatisfaction with existing things. Much of this would be done away with if it could have a real vent. We have enormous campaigns, tremendous uproars, expenditures of a colossal character sufficient to maintain nearly all the standing armies of Europe for a year, great upheavals of business; and in the end we simply change or retain one set of men, but never take any steps to change the system; so that, after all the noise and bother, after all the worry and the loss, we have no result and can have no result. Situated as we are, the smallest stone in the pathway of the advancing wheels of legislation can put a check to the machinery. You can see how advantageous this is to corrupt interests which need protection. A government of negation suits them perfectly."

All the speaker's address is not given but enough to indicate its character. What he said was followed by an angry debate which I shall not presume to report. The leaders of the majority who had elected the speaker objected to continuing the discussion in the presence of the members of the opposing party, as the debate disclosed such division upon their side that they wished to conceal from their opponents how widely they disagreed.

The meeting adjourned long after midnight without result, and as the speaker walked out not half a dozen members pressed near him to approve his course. His attitude was too iconoclastic. The various members who had interests at stake which were protected under the old system were in dread at that gulf yawning before them—the shadow of affirma-

tive action. The possibility of the majority of the house being allowed to do as it pleased made every one shudder. The members were like prisoners who had had the protection for years of comfortable cells. Liberty no longer had attractions. After being offered freedom their first impression was that of shock, followed by anger.

* * * *

There is no city loves a sensation like Washington. The news of the speaker's action upset all the politicians, and from the clamor that followed one might have argued that they feared the downfall of the republic. The same interests that had sent the representatives to influence the speaker in the make-up of his committees now crowded about him and besought him to change his resolution. It was during this period of anxiety and uncertainty that the speaker received an invitation to dinner from the wife of the Russian ambassador, Madame de Romané. The wife of the ambassador was of American parentage, but a long life in Europe had given a foreign shade to her character. As a foreign correspondent in the days gone by, Mr. La Farge had often met her. He had found her one of the best informed women in Europe. When she arrived in Washington the friendship was renewed.

The speaker entered Madame Romané's presence late. He was the guest of honor. He found the great drawing-room of the legation brilliantly lighted and the few guests that had been invited to meet him already assembled. There was the secretary of state and his wife; the British minister; two prominent senators, and a distinguished looking foreigner connected with some eastern power. His swarthy complexion, his intensely black hair, and his thin, lithe figure and concentrated look of attention marked him as Asiatic. "His rank must be very high," said the speaker to himself, as he saw that this Asiatic guest was placed at the left of the hostess, while he, as the guest of honor, occupied the place at her right. The speaker, who was familiar with all the prominent figures of Washington life, wondered absently who he was, but before he had occasion to ask any question the hostess introduced him

as Prince Sagon of Siam, who had arrived in Washington only the day before. The prince spoke beautiful English and bowed with exquisite courtesy when he was presented.

This dinner, although made up of official people, had an air of easy intimacy. Within the narrow limits of Washington society the guests had met every other day at some dinner, reception or club for years. At such dinners, all formality of officialism drops and the easy cynicism of people without much illusion about each other takes its place.

As the soup was served, Madame de Romané said: "Oh, Mr. La Farge, we were all going to be so proud of you, and now you turn reformer. How could you?"

"I once had my fit of reform," said the secretary of state. "I think it comes to every man who arrives in public life."

"We have the disease in my country," said the Russian ambassador, from the foot of the table. "It sometimes takes quite a virulent form, but change of scene generally effects a cure."

"You would know better than to try to change the existing order of things if you were a member of our body," said one of the senators. "We have outgrown all possibility of change. We preserve the shell of precedent in order to prevent the house from doing anything rash."

"I beg your pardon," said Prince Sagon, speaking English with only a slight trace of accent. "How do you know the house will try to do anything rash?"

"It always does," said the senator. "It has such a short term of office and the members have to go before the people again after such a short interval that they are always trying something new in the way of legislative experiments. Here is our friend the speaker. He shows his training as a newspaper correspondent, merely, at this present time. He has been brought up on sensation. Confess, Mr. Speaker," said he, "are you not at the present time perfectly delighted with the copy that is being turned out over your present position?"

Mr. La Farge parried the question. "I am sure," said he, "no member of the senate would ever accuse any public man of having any less lofty motive than the

highest good of his country. They would be too conscientious for anything else."

There was a light line of gentle chaffing directed against the speaker. Any attempt, on his part, to speak seriously in defense of his course was received with patient incredulity.

Madame Romané alone took no part in this. "To be sure," said she, "in this public life of ours at the capital, no one takes himself too seriously or is taken seriously by others. But in this case, I am sure we must credit the speaker with the highest motives, since he is stepping down from a post of power without hope of reward."

"Unless it should be offered to him in the future. You know these champions of the people are far seeing," said an old member of the house, the leader of the opposition to the speaker.

This allusion to the possible presidential aspirations of Speaker La Farge apparently explained everything. All now changed the subject of conversation. The talk became general. It is a well established principle in Washington, when a public man assumes a position in the interests of what he calls the people, that he has his ambition fixed upon the presidency. What he says or does from then on does not count politically in Washington society. His actions and opinions are classed thereafter as items of a necessary routine, to be politely considered but to be passed over as lightly as possible. Mr. La Farge suddenly lost his position as an interesting phenomenon. He was classed, and the incidents of his career from now on might be interesting or not, depending largely upon their merit as bits of comedy, drama or tragedy, as the case might be. The tone of this dinner would be certain to be reflected in other dinners and levées throughout the town.

There was only a slight recurrence to the subject again, when one of the senators asked Prince Sagon what he thought of our country and of its system of government. "In my opinion," said he, "you are only in the first chapter of your history of a republic. You are confronted with so many problems not yet worked out that it would be hard for a foreigner like myself to give an opinion which should have any value. I have studied the ancient civilizations and I find that many

of the material questions confronting you have been solved and resolved by other civilizations which disappeared in the immeasurable task. All pursue the same routine and then give way to others. Nature, in this wonderful story of progress, employs men as a mere means to accomplish a result and then tosses them aside, as does a painter a worn-out brush, and seizes with avidity a new one to continue his picture."

"Look out," said the secretary of state to Mr. La Farge, "that you do not become the worn-out brush. I have heard of a movement against you from powerful influences inside the party that may give you trouble. Why not make a compromise and go along? All great things are accomplished by compromise."

"Or revolution," said the British minister.

At the close of the dinner Prince Sagon remained in the drawing-room with Madame Romané and the speaker until the last guest had gone. "I have a message for you, Mr. La Farge," said he.

To the speaker's look of surprise, Madame Romané interposed a word of explanation. "The prince," said she, "is the president of the Asiatic branch of the Society for the Promotion of Universal Brotherhood. You have heard of their work, have you not?"

"Mr. La Farge," said the prince, "you are an instrument moved by a potential will to accomplish certain results. You have had high aims, and that has brought you under the domination of this onward moving impulse which is pushing upward the life of this world. You will doubtless be crushed or destroyed as an available instrument, but the work for which you were brought into the world will be accomplished. Progress is only made by the slow movement of the centuries. Like the onward sweep of the glacier, the movement, although infinitesimal, is continuous, with occasional surface avalanches, but at the bottom the force moves unchanged."

"Then what I do is not of my own free will?"

"Surely; but your will coöperates with the higher. When you have served the purpose, do not expect gratitude or credit from any one. Your only possible reward will lie in the knowledge of your own up-

ward development. Hold to your strength of purpose, now, for I warn you that I see personal disaster ahead of you and temporary failure for your plans and ambitions."

"What then is the object of all this movement, this impulse to better things? Is it a hopeless task?"

"No. By each one to whom the spirit comes must the task be fulfilled without hope or thought of reward. While materialism, with all its gross desires and selfishness, rules the world the struggle must go on."

"Will it ever end?"

"The glacier will some time be at rest."

* * * *

Speaker La Farge returned to his hotel alone. He entered his sitting-room, where his overworked secretary was drudging away patiently through a huge pile of letters.

The speaker dismissed him and sat down to examine the late mail. It was made up of very conflicting material. Some of it was very abusive, and some commendatory. The latter was always from strangers, the former from friends and political associates.

In the midst of this work, a card came up from the office. Before even looking at the card, the speaker cried out, with some impatience, "Why do you bring up a card at this hour? You know it is against my orders."

"But this was a gentleman who would not take a refusal. He said you would see him."

The speaker, now looking at the card, saw that it bore the inscription, "James Henry Blood, President of the Universal Trust."

Before the speaker could say whether he would receive the caller or not, the visitor was in the room, having followed very closely upon the heels of the messenger.

His manner was that of an abrupt business man of the Wall street broker class. He had none of the cold dignity and impassiveness of an official occupying his exalted position.

"You have met me in New York, Mr. La Farge, and of course you know all about me. I am a very direct man and

never waste any time beating about the bush. I have come over to see you here on a matter of business. Your political course is making a great stir in New York, and, while I have no right to advise you at all in the matter, or even to make a suggestion, yet I have ventured to come to you to talk the matter over."

"I do not see, Mr. Blood, what you can have to say to me on this subject."

"No, I dare say not; but if you will be patient with me I think I can show you. The interests that I represent are very much opposed to any change in the existing order of things around congress. We like the present system; it prevents anything of any kind being done, and you know that is the ideal thing for a business man such as I am. If your system prevails of turning the thing loose and leaving every chance majority in the house to do as they will, the first thing you know some of us fellows may get hurt. You know the people can't be trusted anyway; they are too changeable, too full of prejudice. The business interests of the country are best protected by having as little legislation and political agitation as possible. You come along now with your new ideas, and you upset things. Stocks have gone off three points to-day since the news of your contemplated action has become known; and I suppose you know what that means."

"But I don't see the bearing of your remarks, Mr. Blood."

"Why, of course you don't; I have not got to my point yet. I want first to see if you cannot be made to reconsider your decision and carry out the programme of your party, as you originally intended."

"Why should I change my attitude?"

"Well, I dare say you are playing for high stakes. I know something about you and your ambition, but I come first to warn you in a friendly way that you must recede, or you will very much regret your action, because your political career will be injured."

"Did you come here to threaten me?" At this the speaker rose with great dignity.

"No, sir; that is not my present attitude. I said, and I repeat, that I wish to give you a friendly warning. If you do not choose to heed it that is your affair,

not mine. I suppose you know that there is to be a caucus of your party associates within the next twenty-four hours, and that without any doubt you will be asked to resign your position as speaker?"

"I am prepared for that. I have had some intimation to that effect, but I have been elected, and shall not resign. I want the issue sharply made. I think the people will be with me in this. I am simply seeking to restore to the house its original powers, and not to increase my own."

"But your motive for so doing?"

"I am sure," said the speaker haughtily, "no one can question the uprightness of my motive."

"Between us as men, I suppose I may admit that, but as a matter of fact, your motive will be very seriously questioned. You will be called a demagogue of the first class making a bid for the presidency. If it can be shown at the same time that you are nothing but a paid hireling of Hiram Barnard, my predecessor, what then will the public say? what then will become of the influence of your newspaper?"

The speaker turned red with indignation and then pale as he saw Mr. Blood's squirrel-like eyes twinkling with glee as he continued:

"Oh, I know all about your case. You are an experiment of Mr. Barnard's as well as myself. You are the man who wished for political power, and I am the one who wished for wealth. Mr. Barnard was too good a business man not to have left behind him in the trust a record of his large expenditures of a personal kind. I have since traced them all out, and I find that it was he who established your newspaper and who furnished you the money for your entire career."

"If you know the whole story you know that it was done without condition."

"Perhaps I know it, and perhaps I don't. You know perfectly well how the public would look at it. Barnard was probably one of the most unpopular men in the United States, and I know that I have not increased that popularity by my administration of the trust. If it were known that you are practically a creation of his, how much farther could you go in politics? The storm of indignation against you throughout the country

would be enough to compel you to resign the speakership. Your newspaper to-day circulates largely among members of the financial class of New York. The common people of New York have never taken to it, because you so neglect your criminal news. Then they have never had very much confidence in it. It always had the air of being too prosperous from the first, and so there has grown up a belief in New York that it is an organ of the trust. If I should make that belief official I would not give very much for your property as a business proposition. I did not mean to say all this, but you have forced me."

"Do you mean to say," said the speaker, "that you are going to interfere with my plans?"

"I mean exactly what I say; and unless you at once back down from the position you occupy and send for your party associates, I will break you down. I think you had better send for them this evening, because they are hard at work now drumming up recruits against you and they will probably be at work all night."

A great wave of disgust flooded the mind of the speaker. Was it for this that he had worked so hard? He looked steadily into the face of Mr. Blood. It was keen, hard and pitiless. The promptness of meeting a new situation which belonged to him in his professional capacity as a newspaper man asserted itself. In the moment of silence which passed before he spoke, he had seen fall the mighty structure of his ambition. He knew that any appeal to the mercy of Mr. Blood would be worse than useless. None understood better than he the full value of the weight of the disclosures which might be made concerning him. The payment to him of large sums of money by the former president of the trust, for no other reason than the mere gratification of a whim, could not by any possibility be explained to the satisfaction of the public. Yet his proud, dominating character came uppermost, as he said slowly, "I will not change now. I prefer anything to the loss of honor involved in taking such a degrading step. I prefer to resign, as you have made a struggle on my part impossible."

The next morning the chairman of the

caucus committee had a long talk with the speaker. He said: "I am informed by Mr. Blood that you do not intend to insist upon your plan of changing the present system of the house, and that you prefer to resign. Now all that will cause scandal and uproar. We would like to avoid that for party reasons. I have a proposition to make to you. It is this: We will give you the appearance of a triumph if you will make up the committees. It is very easy to arrange for this by a later caucus. We must have the committees made up in a certain way. When that is done we can have it ratified by the house in such a manner as to give it the semblance of your having done all that you intended, while the system will remain as it is. You will have all the politics there is in it, and we will keep the business end of the system straight."

The speaker shook his head. The temptation was great, but he passed it by. He said, "No; I will resign."

"That will mean for you political ruin," said the chairman coldly. "No speaker ever before resigned, and the public will insist upon an explanation;

and you may be sure that the story we have to tell will be as good as yours. Indeed, what explanation can you make for resigning before you have tested your full power, as speaker, to enforce the change of system which you have decreed? Don't you think you had better remain silent and accept the compromise?"

The speaker ran over in his mind all the phases of the situation. There was no possible action that could be taken by him which would not be open to misconception. No one would give him credit for lofty and noble intentions. Yet, as circumstances proved, it was shown that he was wrong in this last belief. There was just one person who understood him and knew the real reason for his firm adherence to his decision to resign the speakership. This was Prince Sagon, who said to him, just before he left Washington: "You have done what your higher nature has compelled you to do. It is certain that you have been an instrument in the advancement of the glacier of improvement. The fact that you are personally injured counts for nothing, so long as you retain your own individuality and self-respect."

(To be continued)

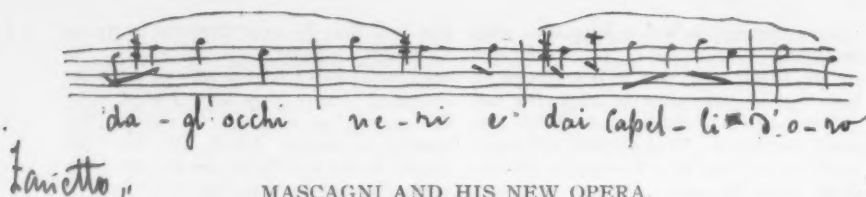


MIDDLE AGE.

BY DALLETT FUGUET.

I HAVE cast off the tattered and worn-out raiment of youth
And have put on a plodding garb of sober truth.

I have steered my small canoe past breaker and shoal
Out to a sea that ripples from pole to pole.



MASCAGNI AND HIS NEW OPERA.

BY ALMA DALMA.

POSSESSING the heart of a boy and the soul of a genius, Mascagni, the maestro, affords an interesting study. He has fully borne out the promises his talent made as a composer, when a few years ago he first bounded into world-wide fame as the author of "Cavalleria Rusticana." At that time, even with the strains of the beautiful Intermezzo still in their ears, carping critics had the hardihood to predict an empty future for Mascagni. "He has already done it all," they cried; "he has written his masterpiece first." Time has abundantly disproved the assertion. His fame as a thorough artist, a great musician and a teacher is growing year by year. I venture to predict that when his new opera, "Iris," is presented in Rome this winter, these selfsame critics will be less confident of the accuracy of their judgment. Truly, prophets do not always prophesy.

Just a little over thirty years of age, brimful of fun, a thorough sportsman, an excellent billiard player, and possessing all the enthusiasm of a healthy young man, Mascagni is worshiped in Italy as the brightest star in the musical heavens—the one whose brilliancy is growing greater year by year, and whose effulgent glow shall shine on the art of melody for centuries. His genius it will be that shall retain his beloved Italy in her present proud place as a foremost land of musicians and artists whose work has made the lives of men more pleasant. Yet, with it all, Mascagni is a simple, unaffected young man, much like other young men. One of the portraits of the maestro here presented is from his latest photograph and forms a striking likeness.

I spent nearly all of August with the composer and his wife, at their lovely home in Pesaro, Italy. They have an immense apartment of fourteen rooms on

the top floor of the Rossini Conservatory, that has been set aside especially for them—no small honor in itself.

Mrs. Mascagni is a charming little lady of medium height, blonde, buoyant, impulsive and energetic, managing all of her husband's correspondence.

The couple have three children—delightful little ones they are, too. The youngest, a girl, Amaliette, is not quite five; the others are boys—blond, curly-haired little fellows, whose pretty manners win instant admiration. Mimi, the elder, has attained the mature age of seven; Dino, the other, is only six. All are masters of Mascagni, however, and their will is law.

The home of the Mascagnis is furnished in most artistic fashion. The dining-room is in antique German style, and Mascagni's study, a small and very quiet room, holds, like the others, furniture made after patterns designed by the maestro himself. The drawing-rooms are richly furnished, and everything is in the best of taste. There is a quiet elegance that clearly indicates the refinement of the family. One of the most important rooms in the suite, to Mascagni, is the billiard-room, for he is locally famous as a knight of the cue and frequently makes "runs" that might excite the admiration of a professional. In fact, Mascagni is versatile to an extraordinary degree.

It was in this idyllic home that I heard the music of "Iris." It was beautiful beyond description. When this opera shall be produced there will very likely be one of those furors that only Italy or France can create over the work of a talented son.

The scene of "Iris" is laid in Japan, the country that so admirably lends itself to vast possibilities of romance, scenic

P. Mascagni

effect and poetic conception. All the quaint and pleasing characteristics of an interesting people are freely drawn upon. The book, by Illica, the well-known librettist, is declared by critics like Ricordi to be the cleverest and best, from a literary standpoint, of all those of recent years. It sparkles with wit from beginning to end and yet tells a simple story in an infinitely pathetic and poetic way. The theme appears to have appealed to

Mascagni's artistic perception with peculiar force. So great was his enthusiasm, that during the entire month of August he hardly slept. Music, which dominates the man, was running riot in his brain, and as he is a firm believer in the theory of striking while the iron is hot, incessant work was the order of each hour.

Briefly, the plot of "Iris" is as follows: Iris is an innocent young Japanese maiden who lives with her old blind father. She does not know the huge world, or its passions

and its weaknesses. To her, the whole of life is one long dream of goodness and song and happiness. She sings to the sun and she sings to her doll. In this pearl of a child her father forgets his affliction, and the two are absolutely devoted to one another. A very pretty scene occurs between father and daughter.

The hero, a rich young Japanese prince, whose admiration for the beautiful is a ruling passion, sees the girl and hears her

sing. His passion and love are awakened, and the idea of securing possession of her dominates his mind. By the villainy of his satellites, he succeeds in stealing her during her poor blind father's absence. This scene is a most dramatic one. In this act, Iris has a song that is sure to become as famous as the *Intermezzo*, for beauty. The tenor and the father also have splendid opportunities. The scene ends as the father enters the empty home

and calls vainly for his lost child.

The second act is replete with brilliancy and color. The scene is laid in the gayest part of Tokio. The tea-houses are brilliantly illuminated, the sound of the samisen and koto is heard, pretty geishas go hither and thither, guests are transported to and fro in their picturesque jinrikishas, and there is lively action throughout. Hither Iris has been brought by the wicked prince. Yet she is still innocent, and firmly believes that the gay world she sees for the

first time is the paradise of which her father has often told her.

Confident that a feature of residence in paradise is the fact that an inhabitant is gifted with the power to accomplish anything desired, Iris tries to paint. Alas! the colors will not blend; the result is a daub; and disappointment follows. She next tries to play the samisen, but all is discord. At last, in an outburst of childish fury, she dashes her playthings to



MASCAGNI AT THE PRESENT TIME.

the floor and destroys the samisen, and curses in an artless Japanese way. At this juncture the father, who has been groping his way all over Tokio in search of Iris, enters and hears her angry words, and, convinced that all, even honor, is lost to her, condemns, disowns and discards her. Here again the finale is a grand climax of harmony. All the fire and passion and melody that Mascagni so well knows how to employ are invoked with great effect.

The play ends with the finding in the early morning of a jewel, by some Japanese ragpickers. Searching further, they find the body of Iris—a dramatic and unusual ending, surely, for an opera.

During the second act there is an excellent comic song for the tenor and a magnificent duet for Iris and the prince. Iris is written in three acts, or perhaps it would be more correct to say a prologue and two acts. Several competent critics who have read the libretto and heard the music at a private hearing in Cerignola, Italy, declare that success for Iris is a foregone conclusion. Mascagni recently wrote me: "The book is splendid. If my

music pleases, we shall have an enormous success."

Mascagni's pupils at the Pesaro Lycée are extremely fond of him. At once magnetic and decided, he well knows how to attain the best results with any musical material at his command. His efficiency as a teacher of singing is celebrated, and he is also an accompanist of rare merit. His leadership inspires confidence. I have seen him do

wonders with an ill-balanced orchestra in a very brief time.

Mascagni's work is done principally in the morning, as he is an early riser. Then after déjeuner he takes a brief siesta, and, on awaking, devotes himself to his wife and children. Naturally, he is much sought after by society, but while he has no aversion to it, he is domestic in his tastes and prefers not to be lionized. His greatest pleasures are found in the companionship of musical and artistic people. It is needless to say that invitations to the Mascagni musicales are much prized.

The few bars here presented are from the dedication to his latest success, "Zanetto," an opera in one act, taken from the story of "Le Passant," by François Coppée, the author of many charming "contes," who possesses the faculty so highly regarded by the French, of unfolding a powerful plot in a short and compact form.

Mascagni is fond of athletic sports. Recently, while playing the rough Italian game of "pallone," he won a very bad black eye. He only laughed at the injury, however, and taught the next day with a

bandage over the damaged optic. The incident is slight, but it serves to illustrate the cheery character of this foremost of contemporaneous composers.

Undoubtedly "Iris" will be heard in this country after its production in Europe, although no definite arrangements to that end have been made. Mascagni is very anxious to see America, and quite likely will be present at the first performance here.



MASCAGNI WHEN HE WROTE "CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA."

A PASSION STUDY.

BY IRVING BACHELLER.

BIBBS' was a gloomy little heaven up one flight and Bibbs a bald and cranky little god of fiddles, with whiskers half as long as himself and white as snow. His windows overlooked the Bowery, and their dusty panes hastened the twilight and delayed the dawn, robbing the day of an hour at each end. The elevated trains went rushing by, but somehow there was silence in this little shop; or was it but the signs of silence that one saw on every side?—the hushed string, the whisper-haunted galleries of pine and maple, the uncommunicative Bibbs. Once it had been a busy place, but the center of wealth and fashion had retreated from it year by year and now it was a mere nursery of fiddles. And some that lay upon the counter forty years ago were there to-day, and time had poured its floods of light upon them and dipped them in the silence and the gloom of night, and filtered through their fibers strains of song and sound until they came to years of understanding like unto men, and had a voice for human thought. Men came to buy them sometimes, but of late years they had found it hard to deal with Bibbs. Raw-toned young violins he sometimes sold, and cheaply, but not the old ones that had been his hope and company for years—not for all the wealth in Gotham. His love for them was constant, and his price beyond all reach or reason. The sale of the Maggini had been a sorry bargain, though it brought him twice its value. He had not expected that the man would buy it at so high a price. The money was paid and the Maggini became the darling of another owner, who made off with it, while Bibbs stood speechless and confused, and then, as Mrs. Bibbs was fond of telling, "he went a lead color" and was carried to his room.

But now buyers came more rarely, and his wife was dead and Bibbs lived quite alone. It was early twilight in the little shop. Bibbs lit a candle, set aside his pots of glue and varnish, and stood thrumming the solemn old Amati he had

just mended, and then he played a strain of music on its silver string. It was the song of faith from "Elijah."

"Yes, yes," said Bibbs tenderly; "Oh rest in Time, for Time is the Lord, and there is time enough to make things perfect, even men. You are like a soul. When you were only seventy years old, I suppose the devil had his home in you as he has in me. Goodness is but harmony, and you might be better, you red-bellied son of a whittler."

As had been his custom by day for years, Bibbs carefully inspected the joinings of the Strad. Then again he held his ear against it, and the strings broke into song at the touch of his beard and seemed to set his heart beating while he listened.

"That voice of yours! I wonder what it will be a thousand years from now. Your old body will turn to splinters and to dust some time. Wood can't last forever, any more than flesh and blood. When your voice gets near perfection you will not be strong enough to stand the strain of the strings, and then—; well, I suppose it'll be fit for heaven."

To Bibbs heaven was the destination of all good violins. "To hell with harps!" said he; "they're not even second cousins to violins." And hell was, in his opinion, the resort of bad fiddlers and their playing was the doom of the damned.

Bibbs put the Strad in its case and turned the key. He stood a moment silently filling his pipe. A melancholy cello lying on the floor let go a string, humming disconsolately like a lovesick maiden. Bibbs was about to make all fast and retire to his little room behind the shop, when suddenly the door opened, clanging the bell that hung above it. An old man, with a shaven, wrinkled face and long white hair, stood before him.

"Any old violins," said he, advancing into the shop.

"None to sell," said Bibbs curtly.

"I do not wish to buy," said the old man; "but I'm a connoisseur, and I would so like to see them."

Now there were men to whom Bibbs gave some toleration and even a degree of confidence—men who had grown old with fiddles and loved them as he did.

"Sit down," said he, pointing to a chair. "I've an Amati, a Guarnerius and a real Strad here. They're not mine; I only take care of them. Play?"

"Once; but you see my fingers have grown stiff—these wrinkles are like strings that bind them together."

Bibbs took the Strad from its case and thrummed it, and as he did so the stranger rose and staggered toward him, laying a trembling hand on Bibbs' shoulder.

"Let me take it," said he, and his lips quivered as he spoke.

"Stand back, you fool," said Bibbs; "you cannot buy this instrument. It is not for sale, I tell you."

"I shall not try to buy it," said the stranger. "You can trust it in my hands a moment. You may brain me if I try to do it any harm. Let me see it; I think I know the tone."

Bibbs hesitated, surveying his caller with suspicious eyes. Then he closed the door and bolted it.

"Be careful," he said; "don't drop it." And with anxious looks he put it in the stranger's hands.

As the old man took the instrument he uttered but a single word, and that was "Sweetheart!" then he kissed its back and sank upon his chair, sobbing loudly. He held the Strad across his knee, and every tear that fell upon its slender roof sounded like a drum-beat; and when his sobbing ceased there came from it a cry as of a man weeping; and the great bass viol and all the daughters of music lying low in the little shop lavished their sympathy on the venerable man and seemed to say, "We know what it is to love."

"Pardon me," said he presently; "I seem to hear the voice of one long dead and very dear to me. Thirty years ago this violin was mine; then I fell ill and pledged it to a friend. That was in London. I was a long time between life and death, and often near to death; and when I came to get the Strad my friend had sold it for the debt. Listen! I shall show you what the Strad and I can do."

He tuned the strings and played, and as he played his fettered fingers were made free. His bow was like a trident

quaking the sea of silence, and a dome of music like a mighty bubble rose to heaven and the light and glory of the morning shone upon it. And then the playful muses teetered on his bow and their laughter filled his inspiration. Far into the night these old men sat together, and the player never rested. Now it so befell there was a tenant in the Strad and its thunders shook his frail abode and terrified him. Suddenly a great black spider rushed out upon the rounded roof and, scurrying down the finger-board, was crushed beneath the strings. The player stopped.

"It's a bad sign," said Bibbs. "I'm sorry that you came here. You cannot buy the Strad, and you will never know a day of peace."

"Unless you let me live with you and help you tend the shop," the stranger said. "I have money and we both love music, and you are quite alone."

"Yes," said Bibbs; "but if he comes—the man who owns the Strad—and takes it from us?"

"But he may not come for years," the stranger said; "and let's not borrow trouble."

And so Bibbs made him welcome, and the old men lived together happily, but ever fearful that the dreaded man would come. Every day they played upon the Strad and sometimes quarreled as to who should play. And when the door-bell rang there was a moment's panic in the shop, and men who came were roundly cursed by Bibbs and never came again.

* * * *

It was morning in the little shop. Bibbs came slowly out of his silent chamber, the Strad under his arm. He laid the violin upon its shelf and lifted the window shades. The sun lit up his pale and haggard face. Suddenly the bell above the door clanged furiously and a man stepped in.

"Hello, Bibbs! Give me the Strad," said he.

"I'm glad you didn't come before," Bibbs answered, keeping back his tears. "He is dead—the man who loved the Strad—and you may take it now."

And its owner took it, and as he went away he laughed and muttered, saying, "Bibbs is crazy."



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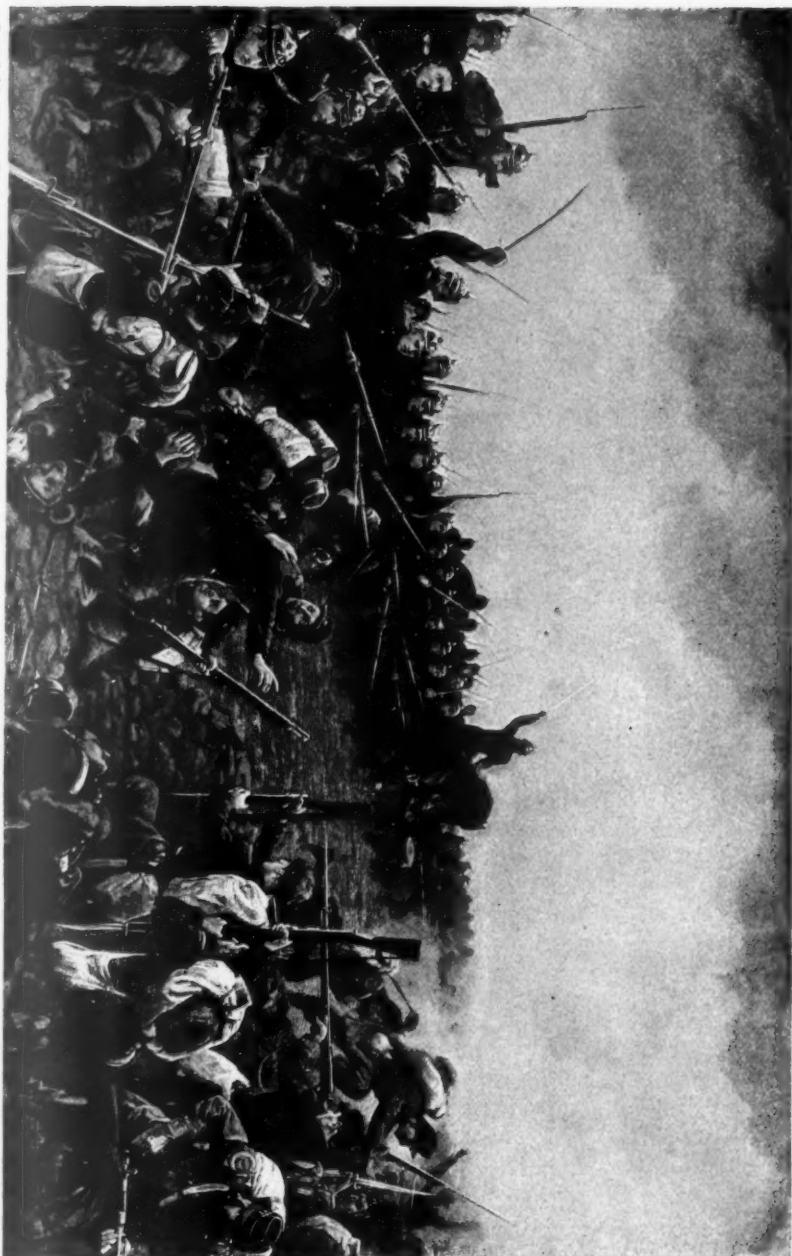
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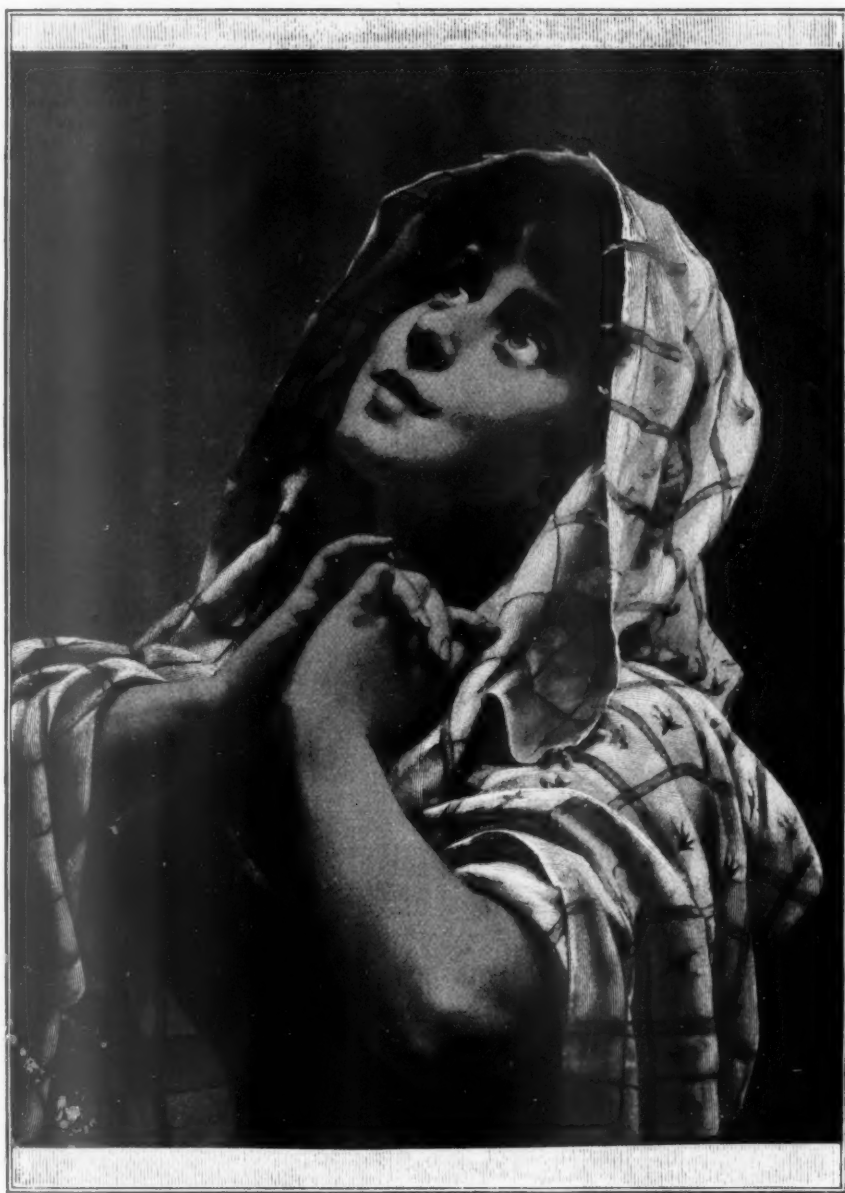
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"AWAITING THE NEW YEAR"—A PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY BY JAMES L. BREESE.

THE ANGEL OF MURPHY'S GULCH.

BY CLARENCE HERBERT NEW.

YOUNG Bob Ames came out of the East with a School of Mines education, eighty dollars in cash and a serviceable suit of clothes—likewise a large amount of inexperience. When the Union Pacific express left him standing on the platform at Green River, looking up at Pilot Butte, his only definite idea was to get breakfast somewhere; after that to look for a mining camp where he might locate a claim and proceed with the digging out of his fortune. His graduation as a mining engineer seemed to guarantee that this would be merely a matter of detail.

The breakfast materialized—for rather more of a consideration than he would have thought exorbitant at an Eastern hotel—and the few "leisure class" citizens about the railroad station "reckoned thet Murphy's Gulch mought be ez likely a place ez enny fer him tu start in;" so he sat on the Wells-Fargo boxes and smoked until Hank Stebbins sang out to him that the stage was ready to leave.

Long before they crossed the line into Colorado, Ames felt so braced by the glorious atmosphere that life seemed one big vacation. The effect of the air on his appetite had suggested a serious financial problem at the start, but this was soon forgotten—a man could live out of doors and pick up his meals wherever he happened to find them.

Hank told him all he wanted to know about Western life as they rode along—and a good deal more. Among other things, he learned that hotels were scarce in the mining country, and that he would be lucky to get a loft over the Lone Dog saloon, even if he had to share it with strangers. This prospect wasn't exactly in the line of Bob's previous experience, but having made up his mind to take things as he found them, he said nothing.

It was after dark when Hank pulled up in front of the Lone Dog, but the light which shone through the doorway was sufficient for his brief introduction to the miners, who had crowded out at sound of the wheels and hoof-beats: "Boys, this hyar's Mister Ames from Nu-York. He's

calc'latin' tu prospect er little 'round these hyar diggin's."

The loft over the bar happened to be unoccupied and Ames was told that he could sleep there when he got ready. There was nothing resembling a dining-room about the premises, but a card-table at the back of the saloon was wiped off and an appetizing dish of ham and eggs placed for Hank and himself. While they were eating, the stage-driver muttered bits of information concerning the "boys," who had meanwhile returned to their faro, poker and drinking in various parts of the room. The tall, lean chap in the new shirt, for instance, was Bill Ainsworth—"frum down Aryzony way, and h—I on the shoot." The powerfully built, handsome man with the fair beard, who had just sauntered in, was Sandy McIntyre—"the man who bringed Jim Furman's Chrismus butes frum Cayuse Bar, ez er fayvor to 'Angel,' an' got plugged doin' it. He'd married 'Angel' las' spring, an' they war runnin' the Ned Rodney claim over on tha edge uv tha canyun—diggin' pay dirt, too;" and so on, until Bob knew something about each man in the crowd.

When they had finished supper, Hank went out to look after his horses, and Ames wondered how he should put in the evening. Gambling was against his principles, so he stood for a while watching the faro players. Presently his eye fell upon a table in one corner, upon which lay a fiddle and a bow; and merely from curiosity as to the kind of instrument which had penetrated to such a remote corner of the country, he walked over and picked it up. The sounding board was covered with rosin dust and the bridge was almost black from the handling of dirty fingers; but to his amazement he saw that it was of a famous Italian make, and gently picked one of the strings to assure himself of the fact.

The other men were so absorbed in their gambling and story-telling that they paid no attention to his movements, but when he drew the bow across the strings the sound was so entirely differ-

ent from what they had been accustomed to hear that several looked up. Then some one said :

"Cudn't you rastle her jest er little fer us, stranger?"

"Why, I don't know but I might. That is, if the man it belongs to has no objections. Seems like a pretty good violin."

"Oh, he won't car'—go ahead, pardner. She belongs tu thet thar little greaser, Juan, 'n he kin rastle her purty slick when he's full, but he's down the can-yun this evenin'."

Now Juan's playing had seemed grand opera to the citizens of Murphy's Gulch, for those who had ever heard better had forgotten the fact years before. The first clear, sweet note that Ames drew from the strings, after putting the instrument in perfect tune, stopped even the poker players in the middle of an exciting jackpot. As his fingers began to limber up, he gradually forgot his surroundings, forgot the pang of real homesickness that had come with his arrival in a strange and friendless camp. His earlier days had been spent in luxurious living, and the memory of the good music, the society of cultured women, and the various things which make life worth living, seemed as fresh as though they had been but yesterday. Arias from the operas, Chopin waltzes, and Schumann Lieder floated out into the darkness, drawing dusky figures from their cabins to join the breathless crowd of listeners.

The crowd knew nothing of classic harmony, but no Eastern audience could have been more thoroughly appreciative; they scarcely dared breathe for fear of interrupting the player; and when the old melodies which they had known and loved as boys came from the violin, they lost control of themselves. They could see, in the dim haze of tobacco smoke, picture after picture of the farms where they had been raised. They could smell the New England orchards and the scent of new mown hay. Waving fields of Illinois wheat and corn, cotton-piled Mississippi steamers, Ohio villages, and even the slums of great cities came and went before their eyes. At the sound of "Moneymusk," "Arkansas Traveler" and "The White Cockade," booted feet commenced shuffling and stamping until

the walls shook and the noise almost drowned the music. When "Home, Sweet Home" floated out into the night, it planted a stab in many a heart under its red flannel shirt and started little rivulets down bronzed and leathery faces. Some even sneaked away to write a letter or two by candle light—letters which should have been written long ago, but which had been forgotten—or shirked—by hands more familiar with pick and cradle than pen.

It was during the ballad portion of Ames' program that a swarthy, diminutive creature in Mexican costume had silently slipped into the room behind the player, who was entirely unconscious of his presence. This was Juan, the owner of the violin. At first, the pure love of music held him spellbound. He had not believed the fiddle capable of producing such sounds. In fact, as he had stolen it from the original owner after cutting his throat, he was entirely unaware of the instrument's value. But his appreciation soon gave way to a deadly jealousy of the man who understood it so much better than himself, and right in the middle of "Old Kentucky Home" he snatched it violently from Bob's hands, muttering a string of Spanish curses as he did so.

For a second or two the saloon was so still that one could hear the leather creak in the revolver holsters, as the men breathed. Then there was a howl of rage and protest. Horny, hairy fists were shaken under the Mexican's nose and a chorus of epithets were hurled at him: "What ails ye, yer durned little apolidgy fer a coyote?" "What'n hellenblazes did ye du thet fer, Juan? yer pizen little greaser yu!" "Look hyar, yu greaser, if yer don't ask ther stranger's pardin an' giv' back thet fiddle, yu'll find Murphy's Gulch tu blamed warm ter live in. Sabe?"

Ames had been at first so taken by surprise that he couldn't understand the situation; but when it finally dawned upon him, he held out his hand to Juan and said: "Your instrument is a very fine one; we thought you wouldn't mind my trying it a little. You see I haven't hurt it in the least. I——" But here the crowd broke in upon him with protests against anything in the shape of conciliatory language to the Mexican. Bill Ainsworth

jumped upon a chair and held up his hand for silence; then he said: "Boys, this hyar sort o' thing ez what hurts ther repytashun uv enny camp. Ef er peaceable stranger, like Mister Ames hyar, cyant kem among us an' play music like his'n—jes' ter entertane us an' show thar's no hard feelin', without er measly little cuss like Juan hyar insultin' him, I say let's appint er committee ter regylate sich things! An', feller citizens, ef yu'll 'low me ter make er siggestshun, et seems ter me thet Juan ez tu pizen a cuss tu own er fiddle ez good ez thet one; so I say let's buy her uv him—reg'lar auction fashun, an', I offers ten ounces fer it!"

"Thet's right, Bill!" "Bully fer Bill Ainsworth!" "Thet's ther medisun fer ther greaser!" "Will yu take ten ounces, Juan? Talk quick. Sabe?"

"Car-r-amba! Maledictos! No. I no sell him. Gringo diablos. I spit upon ze hombre and ze ten onzas!"

"Oh-h-h! Yu du, eh? Waal, et's a purty good fiddle. Mebbe she's reely worth more, tho' I'll sw'ar yu stole it. I'll give yer fifteen ounces."

"No take fift'n onzas! No sell!"

"Twenty ounces, yu greaser! Yu shan't say we stole her frum ye, or cheated ye eyther! But we'll hev thet fiddle ef we has tu hang yer first. Sabe?"

"No sell. No take twenty onzas!"

"Oh-h-h! Yu won't, hey? Waal, thar's thirty; an' thar, Mister Ames (snatching the instrument from the Mexican's hands and passing it to Bob), is yer fiddle, pur-sented yer by ther cityzuns uv Murphy's Gulch after a fa'r an' squar' raffle. An', stranger, ef travellin' haint made yer tu tired, won't yer jes' rastle the rest uv thet thar las' chune?"

The proceedings seemed rather high-handed to Ames, but border sentiment appeared to be on Bill's side and he saw no better way out of the unpleasantness. So, leaning against the bar, he was just raising the bow to play again, when there was a loud report, followed by a sense of numbness in his side and, while he was wondering what had happened, he pitched headlong to the floor. Just as consciousness was leaving him, he heard (miles away, it seemed) some one say: "Cursed Gringo diablo! He nevere play fiddle enny more!" and an answering growl—

so very faint and distant—"Mebbe he wont, greaser, but yer won't be hyar tu find out!" Then the world went out in blackness.

As he fell, Bill Ainsworth caught the violin from his hand and passed it to the barkeeper, who with ready comprehension laid it away in a safe place. A pair of sinewy hands crept round the Mexican's throat and choked him, while others unbuckled his knife and revolver belt. Then he was taken out through the darkness to a deserted cabin to await further developments. Sandy McIntyre knelt by the motionless form on the floor and gently unbuttoned the gray waistcoat to see where the bullet had gone in. The circle around him were anxiously awaiting his verdict, when someone said, "Hyar's the 'Angel,' boys;" and a beautiful woman appeared in the doorway. As Sandy looked up and caught her eye, she said gently, "Who is it? How did it happen?"

"A stranger, Kate; his name is Ames. Frum New York, I reckon. He wuz makin' music fer us an' thet damned little greaser got ugly because he seed he wa'n't no 'count enny more ez ar fiddler, an' let daylight inter him."

"Poor boy! Is he badly hurt, dear?"

"Waal, et's a leetle hard tu say. Ef he warn't er tenderfoot he'd be out in er week or so all right; but yer see, Kate, he's soft yet, an' ther lead prob'ly went in sorter deep."

"Well, he can't stay here, and it won't hurt him to be moved now. Bring him right home. I'll run on ahead and fix up a bunk in the kitchen. If there's a fresh pony in the Gulch one of yon boys had better ride over to Camp White Reservation for the doctor. Major Harvey will give you a fresh mount and you can get back by Saturday morning."

"I'll go, 'Angel.'" "Me tu." "An' me." "Hol' on thar, Tommy; 'Angel' don't want no army uv us. Me'n Bill'll start righter way."

The citizens of Murphy's Gulch felt that the shooting of Bob Ames was not only a stain upon their fair name as a law-abiding camp, but that all hope of rudimentary civilization was lost to them if strict justice were not visited upon the offender.

Juan was kept under a close guard for

several days until the army surgeon, who remained as a guest of the camp, could pronounce definitely upon Ames' chance of recovery. The doctor was a specialist in gunshot wounds and his diagnosis was usually correct, so when he announced that Bob could scarcely live through the third night, the Vigilance Committee considered their duty plain and clear. There was a midnight procession to the cabin in which the Mexican was confined, a silent march to the edge of Lodore cañon—before the grave was filled in.

For once, however, the doctor was a false prophet. Thanks to the tender nursing of 'Angel,' Bob slowly passed the danger point and started up-hill to recovery. This, as Bill said, "gave Juan's ghost ther laugh on ther cummittee, but bein' ther pizen critter he wuz, ther cummittee cud stand it;" and with a decency quite unexpected in such a region, the Mexican was never mentioned before Bob after he regained consciousness.

His convalescence, in a miner's cabin, was one of the sweetest memories which Ames recalled in after years. Whenever he thought of those long, long days of feverish tossing on a rough bunk, a tender woman's face seemed always hovering about him—a woman such as he had known at home, one who knew books and music and pictures and society; talking intelligently of them by the hour, yet the wife of an almost illiterate miner in a forgotten corner of Colorado. It seemed an anomaly.

Before he was able to sit up Bob became aware, in many ways, that he had fallen among friends, but all lesser kindnesses were overshadowed by the growing affection he felt for Mrs. McIntyre, or, as she was always called, "the angel of Murphy's Gulch." There were but three other women within sixty-five miles—when Ned Rodney died she had been the only one—and they were of an entirely different class; nice girls, yes; bright, handsome girls, but innocent of Eastern refinement or cultivation. "Angel," on the other hand, came originally from Massachusetts, and had been just such a sweet, wholesome girl as the cousins whom Bob had loved and kissed in his boyhood. Why, when he came to think of it, lying there in her kitchen, they had more subjects of com-

mon interest to talk over, more places which they had both seen and known, more books which they had both read, than great, honest Sandy had even heard about in all his Missouri schooldays, years before. With the weakness which very young men usually have for women slightly older than themselves, it never occurred to Bob that this friendly affection might be a dangerous thing if humored beyond a certain point, and often, when she sat by his bunk, talking over the other life they had known, he would hold her hand warmly clasped in his own.

As for Kate—his utter helplessness and the sisterly relation which she seemed to bear toward him kept anything like suspicion of herself from entering her mind. He was such a handsome, winning boy—scarcely a man in spite of his fine physique and twenty-three years—and he was so grateful for all her little attentions that it was impossible to avoid being fond of him. Sandy himself shared this feeling. He recognized the advantage which education gave Ames over himself, but he was too much of a man to envy it; too sure of Kate, yet, to see that she and Bob belonged to a class apart from his own.

At first the little caresses which she bestowed upon her patient seemed nothing more than those which had made every wounded man in the Rio Blanco country reverence her above all other women, and Bob Ames' little familiarities were but natural marks of his appreciation. But the awakening came one day.

Ames had recovered sufficiently to walk about in the sunshine a little, and he was just returning from a constitutional as far as the Lone Dog, when Sandy came up from the mine. He was yet too far away to notice the weakness which made Bob lean against the wall for breath when he entered the kitchen, or to see the look of anxiety on Kate's face as she hastily pulled forward a chair for him; but what he did see through the open window was Bob putting his arm around her neck and kissing her before he sat down.

The blood rushed into Sandy's head and made him so dizzy that he couldn't think straight. He was dimly conscious

that things would seem all right if he could only get them properly explained, but those other thoughts which would seethe and boil in his brain prevented anything like clear reasoning. They recalled each look, each caress, each bond of sympathy between his wife and Bob—until Sandy's hand crept around to his hip: and there was murder in his heart.

But this idea left him presently, and in its place came a dumb realization of the other man's superiority in everything but brute strength. A great sob came up in his throat and he slowly turned away.

He stumbled along to the Lone Dog like a man in a dream, and when Red Mike, the bartender, commenced lighting the lamps, he found Sandy—his hands in his pockets and his chair tilted against the wall—in the darkest corner, staring at the floor with the look of a man who sees things.

Ordinarily the gentlest, most peaceable man in the Gulch, Sandy McIntyre had created a wholesome respect for himself among the citizens, and Red Mike calmly proceeded with his occupation as if he had noticed nothing. But some half-understood impulse prompted him to fill a glass with his best whiskey and silently place it by the miner's side on the table. Sandy absently nodded his thanks and gulped it down as though it had been so much water. Perhaps he thought the stimulant would enable him to think more clearly, or perhaps he wanted to drown thought at all hazards—he didn't know himself; but the gnawing pain at his heart grew worse instead of better.

The room gradually filled up. The usual games started in, and the circle of gossipers increased by twos and threes. Presently an evil-looking ruffian from the lower end of the Gulch staggered in and, flinging a small buckskin pouch upon the bar, called two or three cronies to "likker up." The man was drunk enough to be venomous—and was naturally a scoundrel of the most reckless variety. Noticing Sandy's attitude, and not having sense enough to be warned by it, he bawled out an invitation to him to join them. Sandy merely looked at him contemptuously, and that prompted the devil in the fellow to say:

"I reckon yer needn't be so 'fraid o' bein' ketched drinkin', Sandy McIntyre. Yer 'Angel's' a playin' kissin' games wi' thet young stranger'n' she won't be botherin' about yu!"

Every man in the saloon heard the remark. The place became as still as death. One or two ducked behind the stove. All glanced at Sandy. He rose and started toward the bar. The ruffian tried to draw his gun; but Sandy's eye seemed to hypnotize him and he couldn't move. He was caught by the throat, held at arm's length in the air for a moment, then hurled against the wall with a crash that knocked him all but senseless. Sandy's face was pale and it was all he could do to speak, but in a second or two he said, "Men, I reckon you all know 'Angel'—she's nussed most o' ye when yu'd ha' gone over ther range 'ithout her. Yer know the critter lied—an', waal, he don't seem wuth killin'." Then he stepped out into the darkness—and in a few moments the bruised and drunken wretch followed, on his hands and knees.

In perhaps fifteen minutes, there was a muffled pistol shot from the direction of the cañon—and the citizens in the Lone Dog listened for further indications of trouble. But as they heard nothing more it seemed hardly worth bothering about, so they again became interested in "threes," "flushies" and whiskey.

Half an hour later Kate stepped into the saloon and asked if any one had seen Sandy—whether he had been seen coming up from the mine? Not a man in the crowd would have told her of the recent disturbance or shown that they were now really alarmed about her husband, but several moved carelessly toward the door with the intention of hunting him up. Red Mike said that Sandy had been in for a little while but had left for home, as he supposed. So Kate turned and went out.

That he could have passed her in the darkness she did not believe. She felt sure that something was wrong, and as the sisterly lecture which she had given Bob for his affectionate familiarities flashed through her mind, she began to fear that her husband had misunderstood them. So she hurried down the Gulch in the direction of their claim.

When she had almost reached the edge of the cañon the moon came out from behind the clouds. A motionless something which lay across the path just beyond the shaft of their mine made her gasp for breath.

In another instant she was on her knees beside it, the dear head with its wavy brown hair and silky beard was in her lap—and as she passionately kissed the pale lips a thrill of hope went through her, for they seemed to move.

The hand that had fired the cowardly shot had been too unsteady to exert its usual deadly cunning, but the bullet had gone deep enough to render him unconscious at first; in fact, he would probably have bled to death had she not reached him in time to stanch the wound with her handkerchief.

As it was, her presence and the warmth of her kisses aroused him. He opened his eyes and looked up into her face—then feebly tried to push away the hand she was holding against his wound.

"Kate," he whispered, "ef yer do thet, I'll git well—ther critter cudn't p'int his gun straight. But ef yu'll jes' take yer little hand away, it won't take more'n en hour, mebbe—an' then—an' then—yu'n' Bob kin— Don't yu see, little one, thet I ain't nothin' but er rough chap, 'ithout no larnin', an' I cudn't never du nothin' fer yer er take yer whar yer b'long? Don't yer see thet it'll be better so? Don't yer onderstand all Bob kin du fer—?"

"Oh, hush, darling; hush! You're getting feverish. Here; look up into my face. Have I ever lied to you?"

"Nary time, 'Angel;' nor tu any other chap, eyther."

"Then listen! I would rather take your revolver—so; place the muzzle right in here where you can feel my heart beating; so—and pull the trigger, than be the wife of any man but just you. You are my king, my lover, and always will be. This is my home—our home—as long as you stay in it, and—" (here she laid a burning cheek against his and whispered something in his ear). An expression of great and reverent wonder came with the love-light in his face. With an effort he raised one arm and held her close against his breast for several moments. Then a murmur of voices

from the direction of the Lone Dog made her raise her head and listen.

"It must be the boys, dear; they saw I was worried about you and they are coming to look for us."

So they found them, and tenderly carried Sandy home, where Bob Ames had, meanwhile, been fighting for a mastery of himself. With that precious kiss, and her gentle words of reproof, had come a knowledge of all Kate was to him. His conscience made him dread to look her husband in the face, and yet it had all been so innocent and unforeseen—so guiltless of any intended wrongdoing.

When they brought him in Bob felt, with a thrill of horror, that Sandy's misfortune was directly attributable to himself, and subsequent inquiries only confirmed the impression; so he slept that night at the Lone Dog.

During the days of Sandy's convalescence Ames took his place in the mine, working as he had never worked before; and when at last Kate pronounced her husband well enough to go about, he made his preparations to leave.

He had won the friendship of every man in camp. They dimly felt that his wound was a trifling misfortune compared with another which had come during his stay among them, and were anxious to make all the reparation in their power. So Bill Ainsworth and a few other choice spirits offered three hundred ounces for the claim which they had staked out during his illness, and Bob, in his sublime ignorance of Rio Blanco values or procedure, was glad to sell out. In after years he learned to appreciate their kindness more fully.

There being no further reason for prolonging his stay in the Gulch, he walked up to Sandy's cabin to say good-by. As the two men clasped hands, they understood and respected each other. With the light of perfect trust in his handsome face, Sandy drew his wife forward and said, "Et may be quite a spell before we see Bob agin, Kate. I want yer ter kiss him good-by."

With tears glistening in her eyes, she laid one hand on Ames' shoulder and held up her lips, but he bent over her hand instead, saying:

"I shall never forget either the men or the 'Angel' of Murphy's Gulch."

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

SET on a rounding hill-top
And weather-stained and gray,
The little mountain schoolhouse
Looks down on the lonesome way.
No other dwelling is near it,
'Tis perched up there by itself
Like some old forgotten chapel
High on a rocky shelf.

In at the cobwebbed windows
I peered, and seemed to see
The face of a sweet girl teacher
Smiling back at me.
There was her desk in the middle,
With benches grouped anear,
Which fancy peopled with children—
Grown up this many a year.

Rosy and sturdy children
Trudging there, rain or shine,
Eager to be in their places
On the very stroke of nine.
Their dinners packed in baskets—
Turnover, pie and cake,
The homely toothsome dainties
Old-fashioned mothers could make.

Where did the little ones come from?
Fields green with aftermath
Sleep in the autumn sunshine,
And a narrow tangled path
Creeping through brier and brushwood
Leads down the familiar way;
But where did the children come from
To this school of yesterday?

Oh, brown and fleckled laddie
And lass of the apple cheek,
The homes that sent you hither
Are few and far to seek.
But you climbed these steepes like squirrels
That leap from bough to bough,
Nor cared for cloud or tempest,
Nor minded the deep soft snow.

ONE OF MANY.

Blithe of heart and of footstep
 You merrily took the road,
 Life yet had brought no shadows,
 Care yet had heaped no load.
 And safe beneath lowly roof-trees
 You said your prayers at night,
 And glad as the birds in the orchard
 Rose up with the morning light.

Gone is the fair young teacher;
 The scholars come no more
 With shout and song to greet her
 As once, at the swinging door.
 There are gray-haired men and women
 Who belonged to that childish band,
 With troops of their own around them
 In this sunny mountain land.

The old school stands deserted
 Alone on the hill by itself,
 Much like an outworn chapel
 That clings to a rocky shelf.
 And the sentinel pines around it
 In solemn beauty keep
 Their watch, from the flush of the dawning
 Till the grand hills fall asleep.

ONE OF MANY.

AN ETCHING.

BY SARAH E. GANNETT.

THE hot sun pours remorselessly through a seventh story window in the Census Office in Washington. At one of the long rows of tables a woman sits, young still, and bearing traces of lost beauty and vivacity, but tired and old before her time, and disheartened by many things.

Her pen flies rapidly over the paper, for she is obliged to accomplish a certain amount every day or lose her place; and home, food and clothes for five little children depend on her unaided efforts. Her thoughts fly backward along the past to her careless girlhood; to her early married life, when she was the idolized pet of a wealthy, successful man; to her later years, when children came fast, and with them came the dread awakening to the fact that her husband was a roué, a drunkard and a gambler; to the gradual loss of all the comforts, and even the necessities, of life—even the love of her husband gone; to her long journey from her home in New Mexico to Washington, the five little children in her care alone, her husband left behind to work out his own weal or woe; to the daily toil and struggle both in office and at home to care for and support her family on sixty dollars a month, with the fear of dismissal continually hanging, like the sword of Damocles, over her head. She thinks of the letter received that morning from her husband—a letter filled with remorse for the past and promises for the future—ending in a determination to join her in Washington in a few days and lead a better life.

She wonders vaguely as she writes

whether she is glad to hear that. Will his coming be a joy and a relief, or will it be an added burden? Too often, alas! had she listened to his promises of reform to trust them now.

So her head droops lower over her work, and she writes drearily on, not even heeding the little stir caused by the entrance of a messenger with a telegram for one of the clerks. The name is a common one—Harris. Several women in this one room have that name, and the messenger carries it to one and another, and at last lays it under her eyes.

"Is this your name, madam?"

With a cry she snatches it, and tears it open with shaking hands. A brutal message, but telling all:

"ST. LOUIS, MO.

"Charles Harris dead. Suicide after killing another man in a drunken brawl. What shall be done with body?"

Then she faints—an ordinary occurrence. Women frequently do that in the Census Office. Heartaches and troubled minds are common there.

They carry her out and send her home, and the work of the day goes on.

A week passes by and she comes back, paler, sadder and more hollow-eyed than ever, for now she is the widow of a murderer and a suicide. She shrinks from the sight of all. How people must despise her! But work she must, for the sake of her little ones.

At noon she cannot eat, but sits alone among the throng of merry clerks, white, still and silent. I'er very heart seems dead within her. A kindly woman brings her a cup of tea, but she shakes her head with dumb, beseeching eyes. Oh, if she could only crawl away by herself to cry! The woman understands; she needs no words to tell her of her friend's suffering.

She gently presses her hand, and turns away as the signal is given to resume work.

The hour of closing comes at last. Pens are wiped and put away; work is collected by the messenger to be stored for the night; tables are cleared, and clerks sit quietly waiting for the signal for dismissal from their day's work, when another messenger appears, bearing a package of long white envelopes.

Ominous sight! All know its meaning, and in an instant the room has the silence of death. Faces pale and hands tremble nervously as the messenger goes around, dropping his white missives here and there among the clerks. Each clerk who receives one knows that the hour has come, that this paper is Uncle Sam's official notification that their services are no longer required by the government. Some receive them in stolid silence, some laugh hysterically, many cry or even scream, and the lately silent room is moved to grief and sorrow—if not for oneself, for a neighbor.

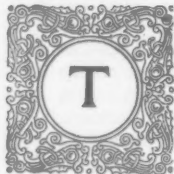
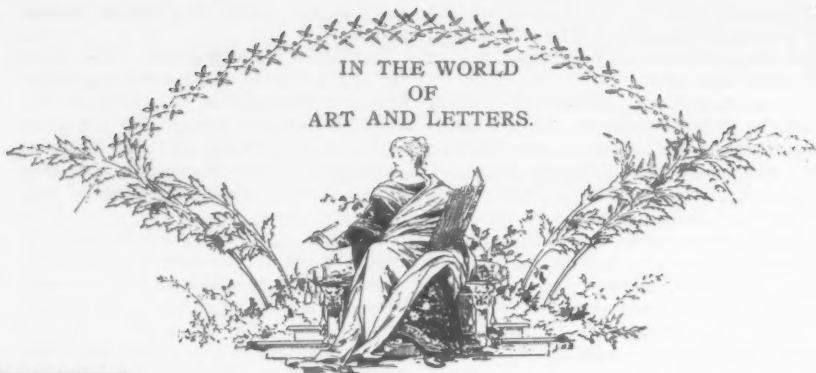
At length the messenger reaches our suffering friend. He is behind her chair. He passes by, and her firmly compressed lips part in a sigh of relief. He stops, hesitates, turns back, and the fateful envelope lies before her:

"MRS. HELEN HARRIS."

As in a dream she picks it up, and staggers to her feet as the electric bell jangles out the hour of dismissal. Silently she puts on her hat and joins the throng at the elevator. Friends speak to her in love and pity, but she cannot answer. In her stunned heart she dully wonders if God still lives, or if He has forgotten her.

And so she wanders home and sits down among her helpless babies.





he Month in England.—The reception of "Sentimental Tommy" has shown that Mr. Barrie has lost nothing by his sustained silence. Some people have a theory that, unless you are continuously before the public, you are bound, in these days of cut-throat competition, to be speedily lost sight of—a theory which is perhaps corroborated by the bookseller's statement that the most successful books of to-day do not replace the old books as permanent additions to his stock-in-trade. But Mr. Barrie's case, after all, is not a fair disproof of the theory, for he has been prominent, not merely through his plays but mainly through his imitators. Even if his reputation had been dying away of itself, the "new Barries" who kept coming up would have preserved it fresh. But the original J. M. is still easily the best imitator of Barrie. Thrums is still the center of gravity and humor for his work. It is the microcosm through which he shows us the universe. No one would wish him to leave it or longs for a time when (in a more modern version of poor J. K. Stephen's clever line):

"The Barries cease from thrumming and the Anthonies hope no more."

Mr. Coulson Kernahan has invented another of his sensational titles, but "The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil" is not so striking as "God and the Ant," or its predecessors, though it possesses its quota of imaginative eloquence. The theme of Mr. Kernahan's latest prose poem is the forlornness of a world without Christ, but, as the nations in his vision all assemble in Rome to worship the One God, I do not think he has found as tragic a subject as if lament were for a world without God. Of the great world-religions, Christianity, as the missionary well knows, counts the least adherents. Mr. Clement Shorter, who is the busiest editor in London, has produced the standard life of the strange Brontë household; which is rather hard upon the late Mrs. Gaskell, who was understood to have produced the classical Brontë biography years ago. But charming as is the work of the authoress of "Cranford," it cannot keep its ground before the new material which Mr. Shorter had at his disposal. Authors will have a fellow-feeling for Charlotte Brontë's ignorance of the relative value of her books. The mysterious C. E. Raimond, the cover of whose new book, "Below the Salt," was designed by Mr. Whistler, has not added much to his or her reputation by this volume of short stories, though "Vroni" is a delightful picture of a superior German servant. I have heard that this writer is really Mrs. Crackanthorpe, whose son Hubert is one of the lights of the younger realistic school. His last little book, "Vignettes," though more like jottings of a novelist's note-book, displays a vivid gift of word-painting and an artistic interest in the picturesque external panorama of

human life. Only once or twice does he add a note of personal emotion. Mr. Andrew Lang's contribution to the happiness of the children this Christmastide is not a fairy-tale book, but "The Animal Story Book," which he has edited, and which is written by his wife and other auxiliary forces, and makes a charming whole. But the stories all belong to the Ante-Jungle-Book period. Of the minor books I may notice "Way Down East," by J. R. Hutchinson, who is a brother of George Hutchinson, the well-known black-and-white artist. It is a series of sketches of that little-exploited district, Nova Scotia, and is written with a graceful literary touch and a gentle humor, as witness "Widow Mulloney's Cow Lies Out." Mr. Le Queuse has turned out two more of his sensational novels, the more breathless being called "Devil's Dice." Mr. Max Pemberton has tried his hand—with pecuniary success—at the now favorite genre of historic romance. "A Puritan's Wife" is married to a hero, who has less to do than most heroes, for he has a guardian angel with a devil's face, who turns up to rescue him whenever necessary. Mr. Albert Kinross, who was very witty in "A Game of Consequences," has replaced epigram by style and fancy, in his little romance of "The Fearsome Island." Several new books of minor poetry have come out, but everything—even such major poetry as Mr. John Davidson's "New Ballads"—and he is at his best in ballads—is cast into the shade by the cheap edition of Browning, in two volumes, which at last puts him into everybody's hands. Gradually Browning is rising into his true position as the poet of the Victorian era, while Tennyson is shrinking. The lamented death of William Morris will probably bring his poetry, too, into portable and popular shape. I told Mr. Swinburne some time ago, that if he would bring out his poetical works in a cheap edition on the day of the appointment of the new Laureate, he would have an immense sale. But he did not take my advice.

I. ZANGWILL.



he Letters of Victor Hugo.—The first volume of Victor Hugo's Letters has just appeared. Its perusal has caused a general feeling of disappointment. It might have been expected, however, that the earlier letters would not correspond to the idea which we had formed of the great poet, who wrote them when he was little more than a child—a sublime child, as Chateaubriand has said, but still a child. They are, as a matter of course, not very interesting.

Victor Hugo in his earlier years led a studious and retired life in the companionship of a few intimate friends. And letters (I speak, of course, of such letters as posterity would care to read), consist almost entirely of gossip, attractively presented, and which, though the incidents related belong to a past day, still remain interesting from the turn which the writer has given them, by a sprightly style in which he has narrated them. But in order to have anything to relate about the court or the city, it is necessary to live at the court or in the city. It would be at least necessary to travel and gather on the way new and vivid impressions. Victor Hugo's studious youth was passed in retirement. He had, therefore, as subjects for his pen only occasional noteworthy events, some of them official and others of so private a character that they required neither explanations nor commentaries to be understood by his correspondents.

Hence the lack of interest in these letters, at least in those of the first volume, for later, Victor Hugo, launched into political life, will take part in more stirring events, and come in contact with more important personages. Perhaps also his style will have been more fully formed; perhaps he will be more himself, and therefore more entertaining, more interesting.

Let us take the letters of a writer who may be regarded as a master in the style—I mean Voltaire. See how devoid of interest those of his earlier years are. They begin by a series of letters addressed by Voltaire to a young girl of Brussels whom he adored. Those letters are as commonplace as possible and, what

is stranger, they are even destitute of fancy. A petty clerk, who knew his language, might have written them.

The earlier letters of Victor Hugo are, as might be expected, addressed to relatives and intimate friends, some of whom have since become famous—Alfred de Vigny, Lamartine, Lamennais. But you would look in vain in them for any particulars characteristic of these great men that have not already been published; they will add nothing to what we already know of them. But, on the other hand, they overflow with tender feeling. They all dwell upon the commonplace themes of a bygone day—regrets of absence, vows of friendship, enthusiastic admiration. Are all these sentiments as sincere as the expression of them is vivid? I am inclined to think that the young man was imbued with the sensibility of Jean Jacques, and that he used this sentimental phraseology as Lamartine imitated the verses of Parny. One always belongs to one's epoch, on some side, when one is beginning life. It is only later that one succeeds in detaching oneself from it and becoming a personality.

There is in these letters one particularity which will amuse psychologists. You are no doubt aware how carefully, toward the close of his career, Victor Hugo guarded his popularity. All the youthful aspirants to poetic fame sent him their verses, and to all of them he responded with one of those formulas of which Voltaire has given so many models. "Your sun is rising and mine is declining;" "I am the twilight and you are the dawn," etc., etc.

These are polite phrases which mean nothing. Voltaire did not employ them until he was approaching his sixtieth year. Victor Hugo made a study of them from his twenty-fifth year. He made use even then of hyperbolic phrases of encouragement. To an obscure poet, Théodore Pavie, he wrote: "You have the oak within you; let it grow."

He watched the newspapers closely, and never allowed a eulogistic notice to pass without thanking the author, nor an uncomplimentary article without answering it. These were the manners of the times. I knew in my youth the old men of that generation. They examined the public journals carefully, with an anxiety at which we would be amazed to-day. I have received in my time, while I was still an obscure and timid scribbler, letters of thanks or of explanation from writers who had long before reached the height of their fame—from Guizot, from Saint-Marc-Girardin, from George Sand, from Louis Veuillot. I was treated, in them, almost as a confrère. After all, perhaps this excess of courtesy was better than our affectation of disdainful indifference.

What Parisian readers have sought with most curiosity in this first volume is the key to the enigma which has already caused as much ink to flow as that of the Iron Mask. Why did Victor Hugo and Sainte-Beuve, who for several years had been so united that they could not live without each other, one fine day quarrel publicly? Was it a woman who separated them? Did Sainte-Beuve, who undoubtedly endeavored to gain the affections of his friend's wife, succeed? Was Victor Hugo aware of it? How far did things go?

These questions remain unanswered, even after a perusal of these letters. And perhaps it is better that it should be so. What would it profit us if we knew beyond a doubt that the wife of a man of genius had basely deceived him for a false friend who was a man of infinite talent?

We do not wish to rashly condemn Sainte-Beuve, who was perhaps not so culpable as some would have us believe. All that we can affirm, after carefully reading the letters of Victor Hugo, referring to the subject, is that they are as noble as they are painful, and that the supreme letter, that in which he speaks of the final rupture, is superb in its dignity and pathos. Its concluding lines are admirable.

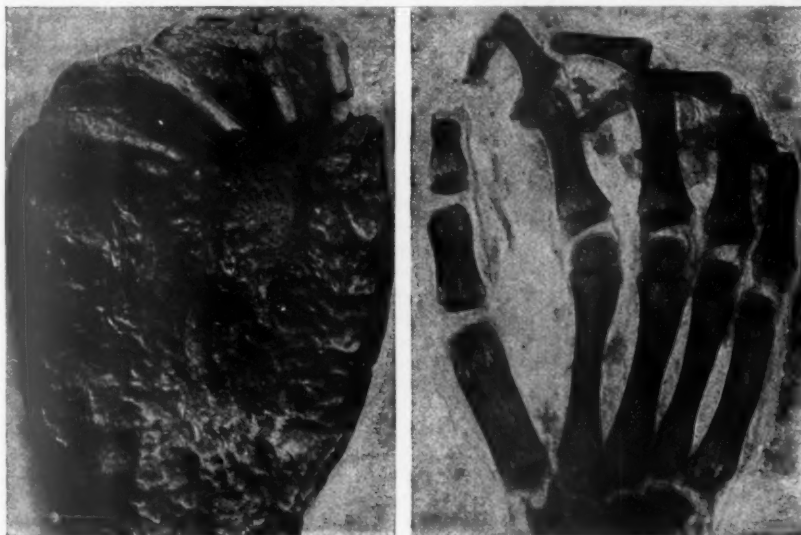
The letters in this volume extend from 1807 to 1837.

The second volume, which will begin with 1837, will doubtless contain a greater number of interesting facts as well as more curious information.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.



Advance in Photography During 1896.—Few years have provided more food for thought in photographic circles than the one which has just passed. The province of photography has been distinctly enlarged and the art-science has triumphantly demonstrated its claim to preëminence as a recorder of facts. The scientist and artist, the amateur hand-camerist, the professional, all use photography as a means of producing a permanent record of that which is presented to the camera. It is true that photography is not yet an infallible recorder. Errors are apparent in practically every photograph made



PHOTOGRAPH AND RADIOGRAPH, MADE BY JOHN CARBUTT, OF THE MUMMIFIED HAND OF AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS.

—errors in color values to which we have become accustomed. Again, the camera fails to depict colors; but such rapid strides are being made that it seems highly probable that a satisfactory method of reproducing objects in colors closely approximating those of the originals will soon be forthcoming. To this end many efforts are being made, and it is rumored that an indirect method of great promise has already been discovered. Yet, in spite of these limitations, photography has

made for itself a place in practically every industry and has a strong claim on the attention and consideration of the artist, and all of this by virtue of its value as a means of record.

* * * *

In the line of materials for the use of photographers, the trend during the past year has been toward reducing the bulk of material carried and increasing the portability of the outfit. The bicycle has been largely responsible for the perfection of the folding cameras, and complete outfits are now supplied that can be easily carried on the wheel and used either in the hand or attached to the handle-bar by a clip. Smaller cameras for the pocket have met with much favor and the popularizing of photography has gone on merrily.

* * * *

The chief events of the year, however, have undoubtedly been the photographing of the invisible by means of the so-called X-rays and the portrayal of motion on a screen to large audiences. The general public has manifested great interest in both of these photographic achievements, and this interest has been fostered by the magazines and daily papers, quick to reflect, and even to mould, the direction of public thought. The popular enthusiasm aroused by Professor Röntgen's announcement, that substances hitherto considered visually and photographically opaque are transparent, photographically, to certain rays, and that this transparency may also be ocularly demonstrated, has waned considerably; but medical men, electricians and scientific photographers generally have practically applied the principles enunciated by Röntgen and have perfected the details to such an extent that the time of exposure necessary has been reduced to a matter of seconds. The surgical profession recognize in this harnessing of electricity to photography a means of positive diagnosis that is of the highest utility.

Many wonderful pictures have been made, the most interesting, of course, being those of the human body. Shot, bullets and needles have been located, fractures have been examined, and it is now stated that, by the aid of X-rays, a positive conclusion may be reached as to death, seeing that dead flesh offers more resistance to the passage of these rays than the living. Röntgen-ray laboratories are to be found in many of our large cities, and there is little doubt but that public hospitals will soon be equipped with the means of producing these rays.

* * * *

RADIOGRAPH OF AN INFANT, TAKEN BY
JOHN CARBUTT, SHOWING THE LACK
OF OSSIFICATION.

Following up the idea of the penetration of the opaque by the X-rays, an attempt has been

made to convince the photographic public that by the concentration of the mind on a particular object, an image of that object may be obtained on the photographic plate. The height of absurdity has been reached by a professor in this country who, as the story runs, stationed seven men in front of a camera and told them to think of the cat. The thoughts were brought to a focus in some unexplained manner, and on the developed plate was found "a collective psychical image, which is none other than the astral cat in its real essence." Such nonsense is on a par with so-called spirit photography, and is unworthy of serious consideration.

* * * *

The kinetoscope has for some years been a familiar object. It was the successor of the zoetrope, and the production of roll films, due to the demand of the amateur photographer for a compact, portable means of making many exposures without recourse to a darkroom, made it possible. A series of pictures is made in rapid succession on a long strip of sensitive celluloid film. When a print or transparency is made from this band of negatives and caused to pass before the eye rapidly, the motion of the original is reproduced. That is, in the negative band there is a series of separate pictures, each individual picture portraying the object at a given fraction of a second. These, when passed rapidly through the viewing instrument, give to the eye the sensation of one picture in which the objects pass through the same motions as the original subjects. The exhibition of such pictures on a small scale in the kinetoscope was a comparatively simple matter. Defects were hardly noticeable. The projection of these pictures on the screen, however, was attended with no little difficulty. Here the picture is enlarged to life-size, and all the defects are glaringly apparent. Better films, better negatives, more accurate register and a dozen other things became necessary. To-day, however, these difficulties have been very largely overcome, and the animated photographs are extremely popular. From the historian's point of view much has been gained. The perfection of the phonograph and the vitascope gives us a means of preserving for posterity an absolutely accurate record of important events.

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The reproduction of color now absorbs the attention of a large class of workers. No little sensation was caused by the announcement that M. Lippmann, of the Sorbonne, Paris, had succeeded in obtaining pictures in color directly from the objects. A sensitive plate, of practically grainless coating, is attached to a tank of mercury in such a manner that the film and mercury are in absolute contact. The exposure is then made and the plate developed and fixed. Under certain conditions an image in colors is produced. This, however, is only visible at certain angles, just as the image in a daguerreotype, and the results cannot be said to give any encouragement to the idea that a practical process has been devised. Of more importance is the indirect method referred to above, by which a negative is made through a screen ruled in colors. From this negative



SECTION OF A ROLL FILM
FOR A VITASCOPE.

a positive is made, which, when backed up with a ruled colored screen, yields a colored picture closely resembling the original.

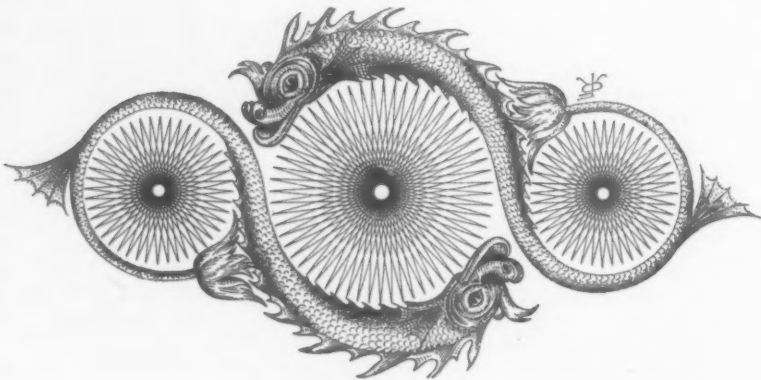
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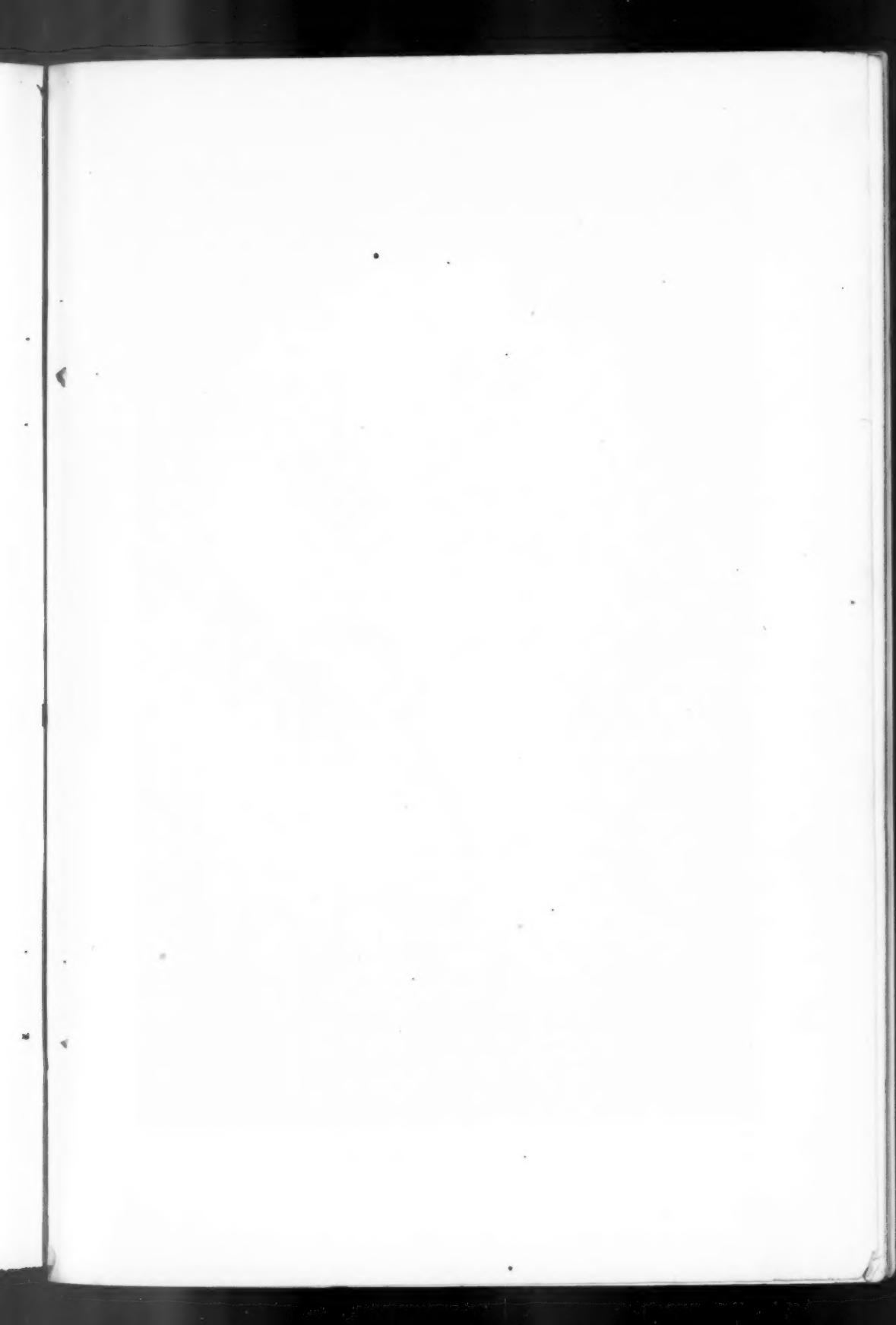
The photograph and radiograph reproduced with this article were made from a mummified hand supposed by good authorities to have belonged to an Egyptian princess. The hand is unquestionably between three and four thousand years old. It was obtained by an American lady from a fakir, near the Tomb of the Kings, Thebes, in 1892. The fakir had surreptitiously taken it when the tomb in which it rested was discovered and opened a long time before. For years he had kept it hidden, until his greed overpowered him when a purchaser came who consented to pay an exorbitant price. The hand was then covered with burnished gold, just as it had been found. At first the purchaser felt that she had made a fine bargain. But after she brought her treasure home she heard stories repeatedly of "how these things are manufactured." "It is a modern make-up," said one comforting friend. "It is but a mass of pitch mixed with pieces of refuse mummy-cloth, with new finger-nails stuck in," said another expert. This somewhat disgruntled the owner of the "genuine hand of an Egyptian princess," and she prized her purchase less and less as the years went on. Reading of the discovery of radiography, by Professor Röntgen, she learned, too, that while the X-rays pass through glass with difficulty, they would ignore pitch as if it were but so much air. "If this hand," she said to herself, "is that of a mummy, the X-ray will reveal the bones within it; if it is only pitch, there will be no 'find' of bones." To set at rest all doubts, she made the test. The gold covering was removed. The hand was then in turn photographed and radiographed, with a highly satisfactory result.

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Much valuable work has been accomplished during 1896, and many indications have been given of lines along which further progress will undoubtedly be made. The greatest assistance in all this research work is rendered by amateur photographers, who have the leisure, means and desire to delve further into the mysteries of nature. In nearly every large city there are photographic societies whose avowed object is the encouragement and advancement of photography. A systematic study of some particular branch of the art by such societies would undoubtedly result in the general increase of knowledge regarding photography and a consequent wider application of this most fascinating of hobbies.

FREDERICK J. HARRISON.







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"SAINT AGNES."—PAINTED BY THEODORE GRUST.